"The amount of excellent matter which it contains is astonishing. It seems to grow better every year."—*London Academy.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

An Illustrated Weekly for Boys and Girls.

A portrait of little Princess Wilhelmina, *whose accession to the throne of the Netherlands is an event of the very near future, has a timely interest in the current number of* Harper's Young People.

Here is a variety to suit all tastes. In fiction there is "Only a Dog," an excellent story, by S. Bayard Dod; *the conclusion of "Coots"; and an instalment of "Captain Polly." For the young student of history there is the second part of* Mr. W. F. Carne's *article on "George Washington's School-Days," with its curious extracts from the boyish MS. of the "Father of his Country." Other boys will be interested in an article by one of themselves on the training of a mustang.*

Every parent and teacher should read Mr. Frank H. Damrosch's *short paper on "Vocal Training of Children," and every boy should get his mother to read* Mrs. Sangster's *article on "The Boys' Room."*

The opening chapters of a fascinating novelette, entitled "A Snow Idyl," *by* William Black, *will be given in this week's issue of* Harper's Bazar.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, March 2, 1889.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

An Illustrated Supplement *is issued gratuitously with this number of* Harper's Weekly.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.

On Monday next Grover Cleveland will retire from the Presidency, after four years of honest and earnest devotion to its duties. His election did not signify approval of a party policy, for the Democratic party cannot be said to have had a policy. It was merely an opposition, with a tradition which in the Northern States was largely regarded with deep distrust. But the election of a President who had been an upright, honorable, devoted, and courageous Mayor of a large city and Governor of a great State seemed to the country, for very definite reasons, preferable to the consequences of the deliberate selection of the opposing candidate. The argument that party action must be supported under all circumstances and at any cost, which is one of the most cowardly and immoral pleas that can be urged upon intelligent men, was set aside by a large body of voters, and Mr. Cleveland was elected by the aid of those who had no sympathy with the antecedents of his party. There was no clear expectation in his election of any particular policy of administration, but a confidence, which has not been belied, of an honest and conservative conduct of public affairs. The Democratic party had no distinctive financial principles, no common views of the tariff or taxation, no special scheme of foreign or domestic conduct of affairs, which determined votes at the election. When Mr. Cleveland was inaugurated there was expectation of some extension of practical reform in the civil service, but beyond that the only definite anticipation was that of an honest and clean administration. That in general this anticipation has been fulfilled will not be denied by candid observers. Mr. Cleveland's term has not been sullied by any monstrous scandals such as had become too familiar. Mr. Garland's relation with the Pan-Electric affair was an amazing indiscretion, but we doubt if it is believed, except by fanatical partisans, to have involved his personal integrity.

The great service of the administration has been its demonstration of the fact that while the Democratic party counts nearly as many adherents as the Republican, it is not a revolutionary party, and that the Union and government are perfectly safe under Democratic ascendency. After a prolonged civil convulsion, with all the changes wrought by it, this is a result of immense significance. It has taken from our political controversies the unreasonable apprehension that the success of a party embracing half of the people threatens the existence of the government itself, and has thus tended effectively to restore the political contentions of the country to their normal condition. Still further, these four years have shown the advantage of a vigorous personality in the Presidency, the ability to resist the strongest tendency of government by party, which is toward the practical annihilation of Executive individuality. To this vigor we owe two things—the advance which unquestionably has been made in the public conviction of the immense importance of civil service reform, and the restoration of a national election to its proper function of rendering the verdict of the country upon differing public policies. These are the larger aspects and results of the administration which is ending, and without the surrender of any political conviction or preference they are results over which every good citizen may rejoice.

But while the general anticipation of upright and faithful administration has been fairly fulfilled, the special expectation in regard to details of reform has been disappointed, although the cause of reform has greatly gained by the very attention and discussion which the disappointment has produced. Thorough and complete and consistent reform of abuses so deeply imbedded in our political system no sensible man asked or anticipated. But, without entering into details, it was only reasonable to suppose that under the circumstances the general course of the administration would be such as to leave no valid pretence to a succeeding administration for a general partisan sweep. This expectation, however, has been fulfilled only in the Washington departments, where a large proportion of the force has been unchanged. In regard to the course of the Executive upon this subject we have spoken plainly, not sparing censure, but not assuming inconsistency of action and even violations of pledges, amid unforeseen difficulties and with a divided sense of duty, to indicate mere duplicity and dishonesty. With all just condemnation and sincere regret fully expressed, it is still true that no other administration since the spoils system was introduced has closed with so many political opponents in the public service. This also is a fact creditable to the administration upon which every patriotic citizen may congratulate himself. President Cleveland has not been a favorite with his party, but there is no doubt whatever that in his character and in his public views he represents, notwithstanding his late defeat, the sole hope of his party hereafter. No Democrat for a half-century has done so much to redeem the Democratic name and fortune as Mr. Cleveland, and he retires with the cordial respect of a vast body of his countrymen for his patriotic purpose, his integrity, and his courage.

THE QUESTION OF RACE.

The inaugural address of President Harrison will throw light, perhaps, upon what is called the Southern question, which it is clear is to be made prominent in some way under the new administration. Events like the assassination of Mr. Clayton tend to deepen impatience with a "solid South." It is not, however, the solidity that is the source of trouble, but the methods by which it is believed to be effected. We have received from correspondents in the Southern States many suggestions looking to a solution of the question of the relation of the two races in those States. One view, which seems to be quite common, contemplates the repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment, and another the creation of a negro Territory, to which negro emigration from the Southern States should be directed. But such schemes are fancies merely. The repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment is impossible. No wilder proposition could be made. It stands for one of the great results of the war, and a practical abandonment of the colored race in the Southern States by the rest of the country is as absolutely out of the question as the abandonment of the war would have been. Had it been possible at any time, the experience of the black codes and the revelation of feeling during Andrew Johnson's administration removed the question from the range of practicable suggestions.

The proposition of a Territory especially devoted to the colored race, like the Indian Territory to the Indians, is equally fanciful. As Mr. Mayo remarks in the article to which we recently alluded as one of the most sympathetic and sensible treatments of the subject, the colored race in the Southern States is inseparably attached to the soil, and could not be removed except by force. Such a scheme to resolve the difficulty would be as futile as colonization would have been to abolish slavery. One such consideration is final. But it must be remembered also that the colored race furnishes the labor of the Southern States, and its exodus, upon reflection, could not be urged seriously as a practical solution of the situation. Yet in a recent speech in the Senate Mr. Morgan, of Alabama, said that if he could expel every negro from the State he would gladly do it. He regards the colored race as a burden and incubus, and holds it to be impossible that it should ever supply the thrifty, intelligent, and effective industry which the development of the State demands. The Birmingham *Age-Herald*, confirming this statement, remarks that "the South" wants every kind of white immigration, but it wants negro emigration. Such views, held by representatives of Southern opinion and feeling, when considered in the light of the universal assertion in the Southern States that white supremacy must be maintained at all costs, show the scope and the gravity of the question. This is but deepened by the fact of the character of much of the local colored population, and by the limitations of the national power over the subject. The moderate tone of Senator Evarts's recent speech in introducing the report upon the election outrages in Texas shows his conviction of the extreme difficulty of a remedy by national legislation, even if supported by the national arms. A file of soldiers at every poll would not increase the vote; but even if it should do so, the hostility of race and the public disorder would only deepen, and the solution of the question would be even more indefinitely postponed.

The Southern problem is not a free vote and a fair count, but the establishment of that relation of the races which makes a free vote and a fair count possible. To say that all that is necessary is general obedience to the laws does not advance the solution, unless it be also shown how such obedience can be secured. Senator Evarts's report recommends the revision of the Congressional election laws with a view to such security. But neither the Senator nor any one else has yet intimated the way in which, under the circumstances, it can be done. The question is of a gravity which entirely transcends party schemes and passions. It is by no means a local question in its effects. Without efforts for its solution it remains a constant and dangerous menace, and the very first step toward a solution seems to us to lie in the local cultivation by white citizens of such relations with the colored race as would naturally produce a normal distribution and division of their votes. Toward such good feeling the prompt action of the Governor and Legislature and many communities in Arkansas, and the strong and sincere denunciation of the press, in the case of the Clayton murder, are promising signs. Without consciously friendly understandings and relations between the races, no legislative or military scheme can avail to solve the real problem.

STATISTICS OF CRIME AND PAUPERISM.

A bill is now pending in the New York Legislature, introduced by Mr. Donaldson, of Saratoga, for the appointment of a Commissioner of Statistics of Crime and Pauperism. The purpose of the bill is of great importance, as a few facts will show. The proportion of foreign-born paupers and criminals of every degree is notoriously large. During the sixty-seven years from 1820 to 1887, inclusive, which cover the term of the great foreign immigration, the whole number of immigrants was more than thirteen and a half millions. It is computed by the most competent authorities that in the State of New York there are now more than 300,000 criminals, paupers, insane persons, tramps, and vagabonds, and that seven-eighths of them are of foreign birth or parentage. The cost of supporting criminals and paupers in the State is $25,000,000 annually. It is consequently of the greatest importance that trustworthy statistics and information upon the subject should be at the command of the Legislature and other State authorities. This was seen sixty years ago, and in 1829 the duty of collecting and collating such statistics was imposed upon the Secretary of State. This act was superseded by another in 1837, and still another in 1839. In 1867 more elaborate requirements of reports from sheriffs and county clerks were enacted, and in 1881 the existing act was passed, which requires these reports to be filed with the Secretary of State.

There are, for instance, no records of convictions in the Court of Special Sessions between 1830 and 1839 filed in the office of the Secretary of State, and from the year after the passage of the first law to the present time there has not been submitted to the Legislature a full and complete report either from courts of record or courts of special sessions. The report of the Secretary of State in 1886 says:

> "When the sheriffs of sixteen counties and the county clerks of seventeen counties, in whole or in part, failed to make their reports as to convictions required by law, it is not surprising that the report of the Secretary of State should be incomplete and unsatisfactory."

The thirty-second annual report of the Prison Association says:

> "It is a perfunctory service, in which no attempt at accuracy is thought of."

And again, in the same report:

> "The existing basis for the criminal statistics of New York is too untrustworthy to be continued."

The only provision for enforcing the act is a forfeiture of $50 imposed upon any magistrate, clerk, or sheriff who neglects to comply with the requirements, to be recovered in a civil action in the name of the people. But it is not remembered that any such proceedings have ever been instituted against delinquents.

In this situation, as the law has proved to be totally ineffective, and as its objects are constantly more pressing, some other provision should be made. The volume of immigration continues incessantly, jails, reformatories, penitentiaries, and poor-houses are rapidly multiplying, and the State of New York furnishes the greatest proportion of criminals and paupers. Exact knowledge of all the facts, of the increase or diminution of crime and pauperism, with all the attendant circumstances, is plainly of very great importance. For this purpose a distinct bureau of crime and pauperism, distinct from other departments, is proposed, which would maintain a complete and proper record of all convictions in courts of record and special sessions and police courts, with full statistics of pauperism. With these it is proposed to include schedules of the reports on pardons, sentences abridged or commuted, with the names of convicts and of persons restored to the rights of citizenship. The records, with full particulars of all convictions in all courts, would be open to district attorneys and to the legal profession, and the facts and figures in regard to this important subject would be always accessible to every inquirer. There is, indeed, no question of the great need of obtaining and conveniently classifying such information, and the fact that the present provision of law fails entirely to secure this result is the strongest argument for some change which should be effective. It may be objected that another bureau would be an unnecessary expense. It is not unnecessary, however, if the present provision is futile, and the change in the method of collecting and recording the statistics, with all the other labor necessary to make the work effective, need not increase the expense. It is reorganization which seems to be indispensable.

THE BALLOT REFORM BILL.

In an admirable pamphlet upon *Politics as a Duty and as a Career*, Mr. Moorfield Storey, of Boston, points out that the private citizen who cannot make a profession of politics, yet who would correct their abuses, may surmount the difficulties which professional politicians place in his way by uniting with other citizens of the same disposition to devote the time and thought to the details of public problems which public men generally cannot give. Mr. Storey cites as illustrations of the effectiveness of this method the destruction of the Tweed Ring in New York, the signal services of the Committee of Fifty in Philadelphia, the results of the independent movement in Baltimore, and the civil service reform bill. To this good list may be added the license bill of last year in this State, and the present movement for ballot reform. This last proposition was carefully considered in the Commonwealth Club and by other bodies, and the Saxton bill was the result of such action. The veto of Governor Hill showed the points which he regarded as objectionable, and the Union League Club have now prepared a measure which is intended to meet his objections, and another containing the provisions to which he objects. The theory of the action is that if, after all, he should sign both, the complete reform desired would be obtained, while if he should sign the first only, there would still be a very positive advance toward a sounder electoral system.

The Governor objects to the reception of official ballots exclusively, and to the marking of ballots by the ballot clerks. With these excisions from the original bill there would remain the provision for printing and distributing ballots at the public expense, and for securing secrecy for the voter while preparing his vote. One chief object of the public printing is to destroy the excuse for assessments upon candidates to meet that expense, and the demand of money for hiring workers. The application to a candidate for money to provide special tickets when proper tickets were supplied by public authority could have but one purpose, and every reputable candidate would reject it. This would be true also of the plea for hiring workers. The demand for money to meet "necessary and legitimate expenses" would be transparent when such expenses are publicly provided. The Union League bill would seem to cover this essential point. But it leaves the chance for bribery, and in this way: a special ticket would be furnished to the voter who proposed to sell his vote; with that in his pocket he would receive the official ballot and retire behind the screen; he would then emerge and vote his special ticket, and then produce the official ticket to the briber as proof of his having voted per contract.

This is, of course, a defect of the League scheme. But even with this disadvantage the bill would be a decided step of reform for the reasons we have mentioned. There is, however, one serious consideration to be entertained. The Governor has spoken very smoothly in his message of the desirability of some reform. It is not clear, however, that he would favor any really effective measure; all movements of reform are opposed to the general views of his school of politics—a school which holds to what seem to be very palpable abuses as the practical political methods of sensible men, and regards reform as visionary and sentimental folly. There is, so far as appears, no good reason for supposing that the Governor would approve a measure of genuine reform. The license bill of last year was drawn to meet his supposed objections to the old bill, but he had fresh ones for the new bill. It would be unwise to seek a compromise in the form proposed until it is very clear that it would secure its purpose, and we are disposed to think the ground upon which the new measure is proposed an insufficient security.

CONSTITUTIONAL JAPAN.

The announcement that Japan has a new Constitution and will be henceforth governed constitutionally is bewildering, because it is impossible to associate constitutional ideas and practices with the Japanese. Yet for many years there has been a strong liberal tendency among the more intelligent statesmen of the country, and those who knew Arinori Mori, the Japanese Minister at Washington fifteen or sixteen years ago, who was one of the most liberal and progressive leaders in Japan, have seen with sincere sorrow the report of his recent assassination.

During his mission in this country, and largely by his sympathy and support, the attempt was made to establish in Japan our system of public schools. Iwakura also, who came at the head of the special Japanese mission at the same time, was a statesman in full sympathy with Arinori, and attempts have been made also upon his life. Arinori was a zealous student and admirer of American institutions, and he promoted the education of clever Japanese youth in this country, that they might return to forward effectively the liberal movement at home.

Details of the constitutional scheme are yet to be received. But there must be necessarily distrust of a political change which proceeds from a few highly educated and able political leaders, instead of developing from the general national condition and intelligence. Successful free institutions are not given to a people by a power above them. They are the result of traditions, long and tentative experience, and natural aptitude. Even France adjusts herself to them very slowly and with extreme difficulty. The suggestion of them in Japan is one of the most remarkable in political history.

THE HARTFORD CATASTROPHE.

The calamity of the Central Hotel at Hartford is so shocking as almost to produce distrust of all hotels. If it should appear, as is alleged, that the building, standing upon "made ground," had already shown itself to be unstable, it would help to explain the catastrophe without relieving anxiety in regard to all structures similarly situated. If the cause was an explosion of the boiler, it is the revelation of a peril which is not confined to that building. Yet boilers properly tended do not explode, and buildings firmly planted and well constructed do not fall down. It will be found probably that the terrible event was avoidable, and it will stimulate greater care.

But a tragedy so appalling should not pass without the most rigorous effort justly to allot the blame. Somebody undoubtedly was responsible, and a community which lives in hotels, as the American community is said to do, is deeply interested to fix the responsibility. Our national good-nature leads us, as the *Tribune* remarks in commenting upon this event, to trust to luck. We believe that it is necessary for us to be in a hurry, and the feeling extends to all branches of conduct. We have had some experience in New York of the consequences of building in a hurry, and we trust that the catastrophe in Hartford will not be found to be attributable to the same cause.

If the disaster were due to carelessness or ignorance in the management of the boiler, it is one which is, of course, always possible with every boiler, and for which there is no certain remedy. Indeed the moral which is to be drawn from the event is the common and obvious one—the paramount and ceaseless necessity of the utmost care. It will lead the responsible occupants of every house and factory in which there are furnaces and boilers to look more sharply into the methods and details of management. But a searching and satisfactory investigation of all the facts in this lamentable case is the chief duty.

THE CEILING JOB.

The job of the Assembly ceiling at Albany is not yet fully exposed, but the report of the committee of experts reveals irregularities and frauds which will greatly impress the people of the State. The value of the whole work done under the contract, the committee state, does not exceed $165,000, and in this estimate "liberal allowance has been made for all risks, contingencies, and profits." The contract says, however, that the State shall pay $271,150. Apparently, therefore, Mr. Snaith, the contractor, has made $106,150 by his contract.

The experts say further that no bids could have been made upon the drawings shown to them by the contractor, by Mr. Andrews, the Superintendent of Public Buildings, and by Mr. Rowe, the architect. They state that only six of the fifty-one drawings shown to them were prepared before the awarding of the contract, and the six drawings were so vague that no architect could have based estimates upon them. The experts therefore recommend an investigation to ascertain if there were "straw bids." The contract provided for 768 panels for the ceiling, but only 396 have been put in. The experts stated that they could not comprehend the monthly statements of Mr. Andrews, which indicate a payment of $18,000 more than the total amount of the contract, and they recommend certain deductions from payments now due the contractor.

This statement of the experts will be received undoubtedly as the most accurate, intelligent, and unbiassed report which will be made upon the subject, and unless the Superintendent of Public Buildings has some kind of explanation to offer, his removal will be expected. But great blame also must fall upon the members of the legislative committee. Their duty was a thorough and careful supervision of the work in the interests of the State. But their remissness in the discharge of this duty is apparent from the report of the experts, and the report of the committee of inquiry should tell the whole truth plainly.

OUR CANADIAN NEIGHBORS.

A very interesting and significant debate has recently taken place in the Canadian Parliament. Sir Richard Cartwright, the leader of the opposition, moved in substance that the home government be asked to authorize Canada to negotiate treaties directly with foreign states. He rested his demand on the ground that no English plenipotentiary could properly understand the Canadian situation, and argued that if there had been a Canadian ambassador in Washington during the last three years Canada would have been spared the humiliation of the late fishery negotiations.

The true state of feeling in this country, he said, was not known until Sir Charles Tupper, who helped to negotiate the Chamberlain treaty, returned from Washington, and Canadian policy was practically determined by his report of the real feeling and situation in the United States. Sir Richard warmly praised Mr. Erastus Wiman, who, although a private Canadian citizen residing in the United States, had represented faithfully the feeling of that country to the Canadian authorities, who would not listen, however, until Sir Charles Tupper confirmed what Mr. Wiman had said. Sir Richard urged his point very warmly, announcing that Canadian interests would be sacrificed in an approaching crisis, and that Canadians would be glad to accept unrestricted reciprocity with the United States.

Mr. Foster, Minister of Finance, replied, denouncing the resolution as one of the most disloyal and injurious ever presented to the Canadian Parliament, aiming to sever the bond with the mother country and to promote absorption by the United States. The British government, he said, granted all the freedom that Canada asked, and while the Canadian Liberal party was becoming an annexation party, the loyalty of Canada to the mother country was stronger than ever, and the country would never favor unrestricted reciprocity and commercial union. The resolution was lost by a majority of twenty-eight, while the government majority on previous votes was forty-eight. The excitement was very great, and the incident is very significant.

PERSONAL.

General Gilman Marston, who has just been appointed United States Senator from New Hampshire to fill the gap from March 4th till the convening of the State Legislature in June, is seventy-seven years old. He has twice been in Congress; and he won the commission of Brigadier-General by brave service during the war. Two incidents of his army life illustrate the peculiar force of his character. On one occasion he declined to let his men remain on board a crowded transport, although ordered to do so by a superior officer, saying that he had "brought that regiment from New Hampshire to fight, and not to be drowned," his action being afterward sustained by General Hooker; and at another time, when directed by a tyrannical superior to build a guard-house "without so much as a crack in it," he interpreted the order literally, and had one constructed solidly of logs, not having a door or a crack to enter by.

—The relatives of Miss Catherine Peirson, an eccentric old maid who has just died at Richmond, Massachusetts, have been surprised and made happy by the discovery that she left a personal estate of $450,000. Among her effects were found a collection of fifty bonnets, of all sorts and styles, dating back over half a century; seventy shawls, many of them rare and valuable; an interesting accumulation of old-fashioned silk and satin dresses, some of which are in the latest mode, although over fifty years old; and many gloves and parasols to match. Miss Peirson was very fond of appearing at the annual county cattle show in Pittsfield arrayed in her finery.

—General "Jerry" Rusk, of Wisconsin, who is included in the group of General Harrison's cabinet possibilities, has lived a life of varied experiences. He was the tow-path companion of Garfield when the latter was a boy, and has been a stage-driver, sheriff, legislator, soldier, Congressman, and Governor of the Badger State.

—Senator Riddleberger, of Virginia, is a fine rifle-shot, and readily performs the most difficult shooting-gallery feats.

—Baron Li Zen Pang, of Hong-Kong, who is reputed to be worth anywhere from fifty to one hundred million dollars, and has business agencies scattered all over the world, is making a visit for profit and pleasure to this country. He is fifty-three years old, nearly six feet tall, and very fat.

—Madame Mutsu, wife of the Japanese Minister, is one of the most charming entertainers in Washington society. She dresses in exquisite Japanese taste, has winning manners, and although up to last spring she could hardly speak a word of English, she has become a good conversationalist in our tongue.

—Dominie John Berdan is a well-known figure in northern New Jersey, and has preached at the True Reformed Church in Passaic for over fifty years without missing a Sunday. He is ninety-two years old, but his memory is so remarkable, it is said, that he can state the text from which he preached on any given Sunday during his long pastorate.

—The Empress Frederick is one of the wealthiest widows in the world. Besides the generous provision made for her by her late husband and the annuity of $200,000 a year she receives as Queen-Dowager of Prussia, she has recently been left $1,000,000 by the Duchess of Galicia.

—Robert J. Cook, the hero of Yale's naval triumphs, is the publisher of the Philadelphia *Press*.

—A brother of Senator Dawes manages the Bryant farm at Cummington, Massachusetts, and sends fifteen hundred barrels of apples to England every year.

—The bringing of suits against the government for ancient claims is growing in fashion. The heirs of Colonel Nicholas Lotz, who died in the last century, have met at Reading, Pennsylvania, and organized a raid on the Treasury for $17,000,000, the amount due, it is alleged, on an unpaid bill for hay furnished the Continental forces by the Colonel during the Revolution.

—Vermont's oldest school-teacher in active service is A. D. Searles, of New Haven Mills, who began teaching in 1841, when he was nineteen years old. He obtained his first certificate from John G. Saxe, the poet.

—Hon. Sidney Bartlett, LL.D., one of Boston's active lawyers, has just celebrated his ninetieth birthday.

—The latest expensive whim indulged in by the King of Würtemberg is the photographing of the moon to ascertain whether it is inhabited. He has the negatives magnified one hundred thousand fold, and has thus far discovered nebulæ covered with little dots, which he believes to be lunar people.

—Mrs. B. S. Sentell, of Spellman, Georgia, has a hair-work breastpin which, although nearly three hundred years old, is in a perfect state of preservation. It was made for Mrs. Sentell's great-great-great-grandmother in 1600, and represents her standing at the tomb of her husband. On the tomb is the inscription, "Affection Weeps, Heaven Rejoices," and in the background is a cheerful grouping of willows. The pin is oval, about an inch wide and one and a half inches long.

—Three brothers in Allen County, Kentucky, by the name of Read, who were all married in 1839, are soon to celebrate their golden weddings together with a big family gathering. The brothers are eighty-one, seventy-five, and seventy-one years old respectively.

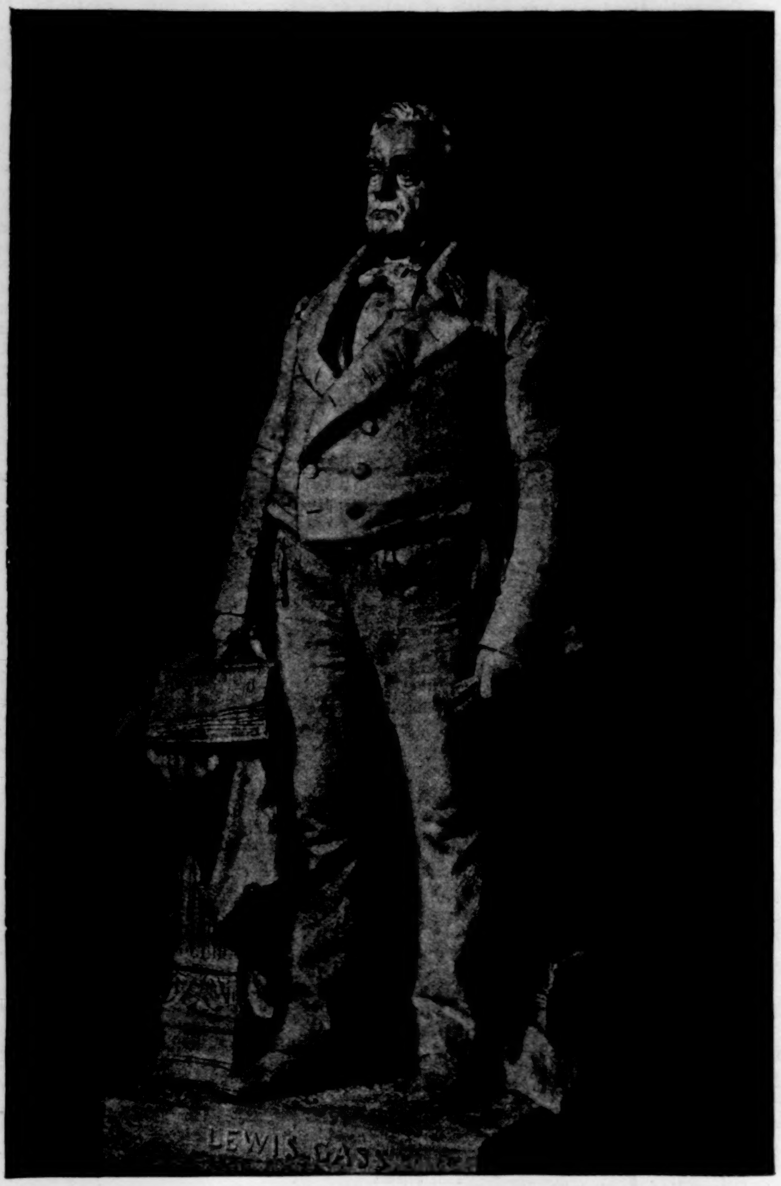
—Rev. Dr. Mark Trafton, the eminent Methodist divine, recently fished out of his barrel the sermon which he preached at Portland, Maine, in 1841, on the death of General William Henry Harrison. He remembers how several Democratic brethren got up and left the church when he began reading it.

—General J. A. Williamson, of Iowa, formerly Commissioner of the Land-office, has recently inherited $500,000 in a curious way. Some years ago, when counsel for the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, he refused to prosecute the bondsmen of a contractor named Casey, who had failed to meet his engagements, but who was believed to be entirely honest. Casey completed his contract, and afterward became rich. When he died the other day he remembered General Williamson handsomely.

THE STATUE OF LEWIS CASS.

THE latest addition to the collection of statesmen and warriors in marble in the Hall of Statuary at the National Capitol is the sturdy figure of LEWIS CASS, of Michigan. It is the work of DANIEL C. FRENCH, of Boston, the sculptor who produced the "Minute-Man" which stands on the little Common at Concord, Massachusetts, the statue of JOHN HARVARD, opposite Memorial Hall in Cambridge, and the ideal figures for the Boston Post-office. It is of heroic size, and stands on a granite pedestal beside the statue of GARFIELD. It was contributed by the State of Michigan, and placed in position last November, but the formal ceremony of acceptance and unveiling took place on Monday, the 18th instant, and was attended by eulogistic exercises, in which Senator PALMER took the leading part. Addresses were also made by Senator MORRILL, of Vermont, who was a member of the House of Representatives when CASS was a Senator; Senator CHANDLER, of New Hampshire, General CASS's native State; Senator HOAR, of Massachusetts, who dealt with the merits of the Boston sculptor's work; and Senator STOCKBRIDGE, of Michigan, who moved the adoption of the resolution accepting the statue.

There was no room for doubt as to the historical character which the State of Michigan should first select for embodiment in marble as a contribution to this national collection. General CASS was by far the most conspicuous figure in the history of the State. After passing his youth in the East, beginning a promising professional and political career in Ohio, and serving with distinction on the Canada border in the war of 1812, he found himself left in the government service at Detroit when all that region was a wilderness. He was the first Territorial Governor of Michigan at a time when it contained scarcely six thousand white inhabitants, and most of its lands were in the possession of Indian tribes. His public services and political career were contemporaneous with the growth and development of the Territory and the State down to the time of the civil war. For nearly half a century he was a conspicuous figure among Western statesmen. He was a member of JACKSON's cabinet as Secretary of War as long ago as 1831, and at the head of BUCHANAN's cabinet as Secretary of State at the beginning of 1861. In the mean time he had been Minister to France, a member of the United States Senate, and an unsuccessful candidate for the Presidency. In all his public and political life he distinguished himself by sturdy independence and intellectual vigor, and ranked in the great group of historic figures which contained WEBSTER, CLAY, CALHOUN, and BENTON. It will not be easy to find a worthy peer for CASS, as a distinguished son of Michigan, to be placed in the national Hall of Statuary. He is represented in the act of delivering a speech in the Senate, and the sternness of face and the imposing presence characteristic of the man are strongly portrayed. The costume is the loose-fitting ample coat, with skirts cut away, affected by the generation that saw the Mexican war.



FRENCH'S STATUE OF LEWIS CASS.

THE DOG SHOW.

THE thirteenth annual exhibit of fine-bred dogs, under the auspices of the Westminster Kennel Club, opened on Tuesday last at the Madison Square Garden. There were 1372 canines of high degree catalogued, out of 1500 entered, and it may be said that this total comprised in many respects the finest collection of dogs ever benched.

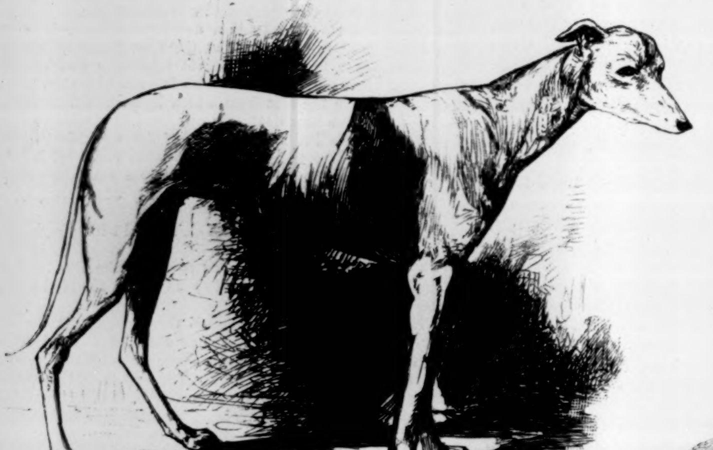
The Westminster Kennel Club is to be commended for an arrangement of the show which is a great improvement on former exhibits. The rings are closer, and therefore more easily scanned by the public, and the toy specimens are accorded a location in the building where their owners may give them greater attention.

Praiseworthy discretion was exercised in the accepting of entries, with the result that a lesser number of weakling small dogs were on exhibition than heretofore. Last year it was painful to witness the illness and discomfort of a number of the small dogs too delicately bred to stand the rigors of a public exposure away from home the several days of the show.

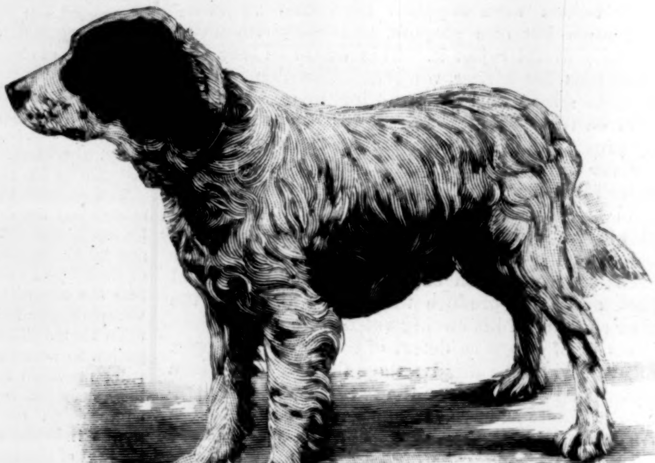
Promptly upon the opening of the show the judges were at work, and their expert knowledge, as illustrated by the expedition and unfailing judgment in their duties, certainly entitled them to great credit. Despite the cavil of the few disappointed owners who do not get a prize, the fairness of the awards at the bench shows for several years past has proved an incentive to owners of fine dogs all over the country to enter them under the annual Westminster Kennel exhibit.

Dogs of every breed and clime were listed in the catalogue. There was a grand display of St. Bernards, finer indeed than ever before. The noble mastiff was well represented, and the faithful Newfoundland invited an especial inspection among the group of larger animals. The exhibit of bird dogs would have gladdened the heart of a sportsman. The bull-dogs and bull-terriers were fierce-looking and homely enough to possess a fascination almost for these very attributes, while the fox-terrier, which is the favorite dog of the year, held a conspicuous position in the show. An enumeration of the various branches of the dog family benched within the building would take one from Siberia to Mexico. There were collies of various breed; Irish, English, and Gordon setters; Irish, Welsh, Scotch, Skye, Yorkshire, and Clydesdale terriers; and poodles galore. That strange-looking canine freak the dachshund, now an especial society favorite, was viewed by the fair sex with the most extravagant expressions of approval.

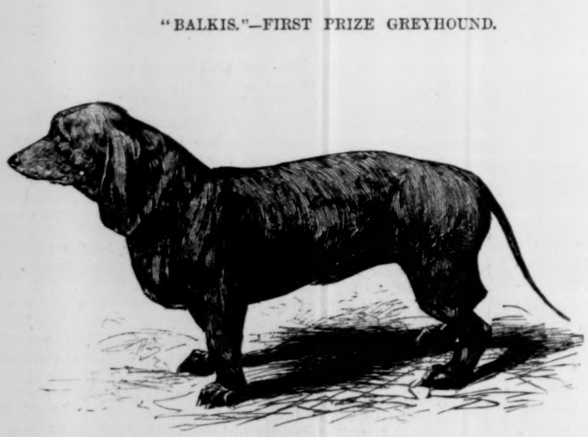
Polite society has put the stamp of success upon the dog show as a regular annual accepted event by its influence and attendance. During each evening of the show many ladies appeared at the Madison Square Garden, wearing charming costumes and dress bonnets, while the men were in full dress, as though at the opera. The dog show being admittedly one of the fashionable happenings of the season, the interest taken by the wealthier classes in the securing of prizes



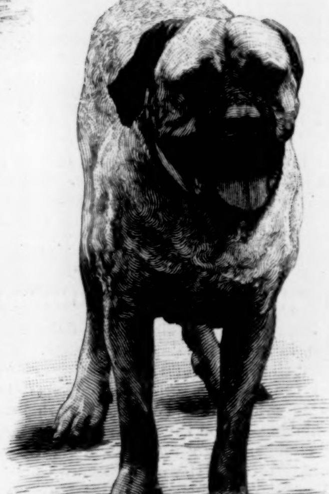
"BALKIS."—FIRST PRIZE GREYHOUND.



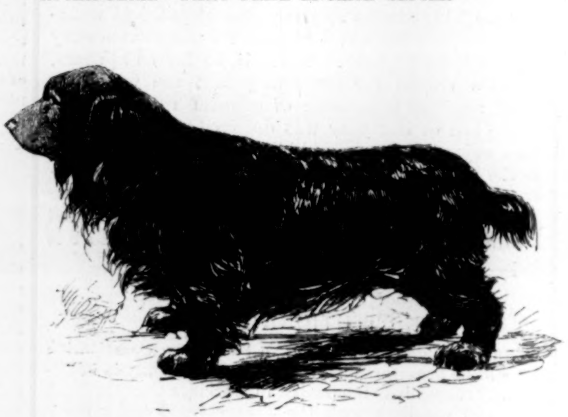
"ROCKINGHAM."—FIRST PRIZE ENGLISH SETTER.



"RUBENSTEIN."—FIRST PRIZE DACHSHUND.

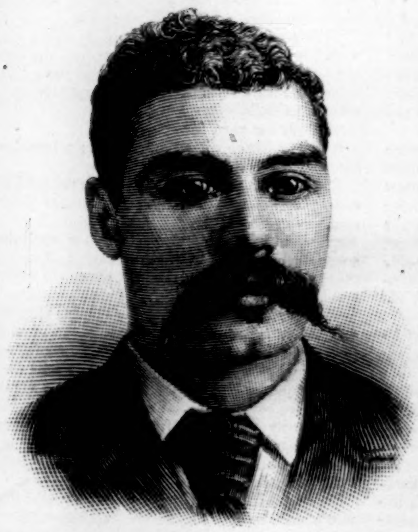


"MINTING."—FIRST PRIZE MASTIFF.



"GLENCAIRN."—FIRST PRIZE FIELD SPANIEL.

SOME PRIZE DOGS FROM THE THIRTEENTH ANNUAL NEW YORK BENCH SHOW.

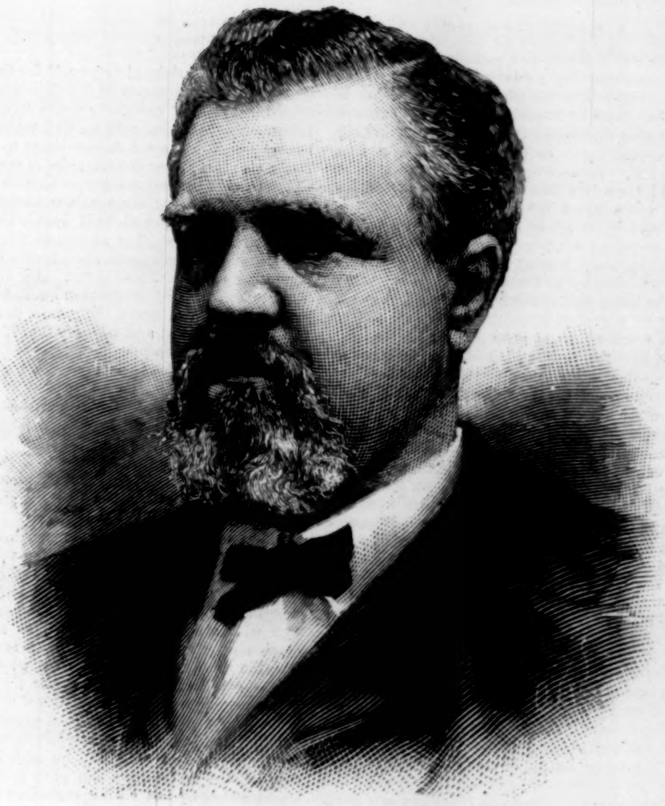


H. P. CHEATHAM, THE ONLY COLORED MEMBER OF THE NEW HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE RICHMOND ART GALLERY.

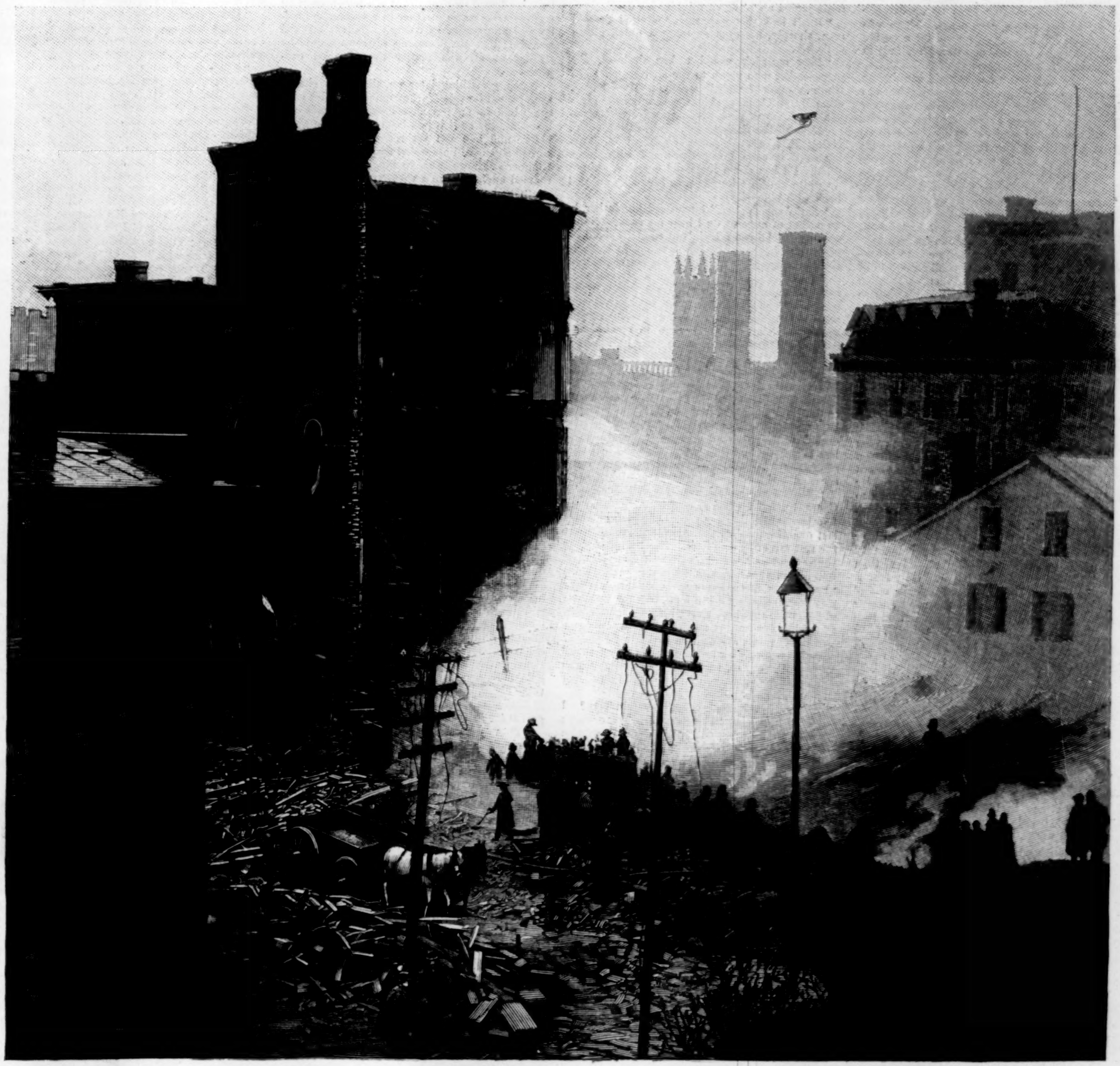
for animals entered is naturally greater, and calculated to lead to an improvement of the breed throughout the different classes, and an enhanced regard for the most companionable and affectionate type of all the brute creation. If a night at the dog show presents a scene full of movement and color in the well-dressed crowds, the morning will also have its episodes of especial charm. There is no prettier sight to be seen in high life than the tender solicitude of a handsome young woman over the welfare of her pet dog, and the gladsome demonstrations of the affectionate animal upon the presence of his mistress. And should the thorough-bred in the overnight interval have received that coveted bit of silk, the blue ribbon, the picture is one of universal elation long to be remembered. After a critical tour of the garden, one of the best-known dog-fanciers in the world, an Englishman, who had witnessed many bench shows abroad, expressed the opinion that the exhibit he had just viewed contained more fine dogs in many of the classes than have ever been brought together in this or any other country.

HON. H. P. CHEATHAM.

THE successor of Congressman F. M. SIMMONS, of the Second North Carolina District, is H. P. CHEATHAM, who will be a conspicuous member by reason of the fact that he will be the only negro in Congress. He was born near the town of Henderson, North Carolina, thirty-two years ago. He is a graduate of Shaw University, of Raleigh, which institution conferred on him the degree of A.M. Immediately after graduating he was chosen Superintendent of the Colored State Normal School at Plymouth, North Carolina, where he remained until 1885, when, with little or no opposition, he was elected to the office of Register of Deeds of Vance County. He performed the responsible duties of this position with very general satisfaction up to his election to Congress in November last. He has read law, and would have obtained his license but for the duties of his office interfering. The Congressman-elect is a bright mulatto of good address. He is an effective stump-speaker, and is very popular with his race, while enjoying the friendship of many white people in his district. He is very ambitious to do something toward elevating his race, and he will be pretty sure to be heard from when the new Congress assembles.



THE LATE JAMES C. FLOOD.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADLEY & RULOFSON, SAN FRANCISCO.—[SEE PAGE 167.]



THE HARTFORD HOTEL DISASTER.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. L. HALE MANCHESTER.—[SEE PAGE 167.]

A STUDY IN RED.

H. RIMMER'S house was getting on its winter coat in the shape of a new wash of paint. Red was too feeble a name to describe the color; it was of so dazzling a scarlet that it put to shame the October leafage of the village trees, making the brightest beech among them look of a wan russet hue. There was nothing far and wide in the old town but lent itself as foil to H. Rimmer's, which was a low brick building standing on a corner, its upper story staring with little green-curtained windows, some of which, having the shades awry, had an air of winking jovially upon the passers in both streets. Considering that the lower part of the house was given to the offices of a general store, this kindly expression of the windows might have assumed a business aspect, like the nods and becks of a showman enticing the public into his tent, had there been anything except the new paint to indicate that H. Rimmer wished to attract trade.

There was certainly no sign of any such intent in the one show-window, the fly-specked miscellany of which had neither arrangement in the whole nor novelty in detail. The tin fruit cans and rolls of time-worn shelf paper had been for years in the position which they now held, something screened from too critical glances by the string of printed ballads stretched across the panes, each one of which, from "Lily Dale" to "Lottie Lee," was known by heart to such of the population as had sufficient height and learning to read it off from the outside.

H. Rimmer being a man of a certain conservatism of character, best described in saying that he knew how to leave well enough alone, had thought the effect of the window singularly good when the store came into his hands a number of years back, and he had never thought of meddling with it. The outer aspect of the house might have remained unchanged as well but for the necessity of blotting out the name of Mr. Rimmer's predecessor, which spread over the side of the place in great black letters on a white ground. Since the need of painting the store had arisen, Mr. Rimmer had selected red as a color having a distinctly commercial bearing from its appearance in the seals of public documents. There was also another and paramount reason for choosing so brilliant a hue, but this one transpired only in Mr. Rimmer's secret musings.

When he picked out the most vivid carmine on the card of colors, the paint dealer had thrown in a warning that them high reds were commonly mighty treacherous—a judgment which the paint selected had fully borne out by bleaching in no time to a dull brick-dust tint, which so wrought upon Mr. Rimmer's feelings that inside of a year he had gone over it with a new coat. This also faded, but the store-keeper kept on renewing it, as the ant rebuilds a persistently demolished nest or the bee refills a ravished honey cell, with an instinct that looked very little further than the exercise of the functions needed in the work.

For H. Rimmer—Hatfield Rimmer in whole—did the painting himself when traffic was dull of afternoons, doing a bit now and then, as occasion offered, and always wielding the brush with so delighted an observance of its contents that he saw earth and sky of a bright green for a long while after he had come down the ladder.

"Store never looked so sightly ez it will this trip," thought Mr. Rimmer, as he stood off near the hitching-post this afternoon, and complacently regarded the result of his last hour's work, which had extended the new surface in a square below the end window, the lower edge of the painted space dripping with red, and suggesting that an ox had lately been slaughtered over the sill and left to bleed down the side of the house. "Kind-uh comf'table-lookin'; warms the view a heap. Folks up street, now—I wouldn't wonder ef this buildin' was ez good'z a blazin' sunset to 'em; for look this way they must," emphatically considered Mr. Rimmer, assuming a judicial air; "whether they unly sweep off their walk or water their flowers in the front winder, they can't no more git shet o' seein' this place than ef it walked up an' shook hands. Unly fear *I* got is thet bein's I've 'bout touched the end o' the reds—Hobbs said this last time thet another spunful o' yeller in the kag o' red paint ud turn the hull thing orange-color—thet she—thet folks up street may git so used to skyarlet they won't notice it no more; H. Rimmer an' his house 'll drop plumb out their minds. Ef a thing gits fumiliar, you don't pay no 'tention to it: thet two-headed calf o' Beasley's wasn't nothin' after you'd seed it a couple o' times."

The thought of having reached a gorgeousness of effect which he could never hope to surpass, since it bespoke the limit of the combined powers of chrome and red lead, gave Mr. Rimmer's face an expression which would have been sorrowful could such a look have been harbored in his kindly visage, its breadth increased by tufts of ruddy side beard spreading out from his cheeks like cherub wings, its ample chin furrowed with a long dimple, its wide-apart blue eyes glinting intimations of the cheery soul within. The shadow passed off, but it left a certain quivering of the muscles at the corners of his eyes, indicating a spiritual uneasiness evidently not connected with red paint, Mr. Rimmer having turned the least degree from his own dwelling to shoot a furtive glance down the side street, which backed up a hill, and ended sharply in a tuft of thinning trees set bolt-upright against a ribbon of blue sky.

From his perspective of this narrow thoroughfare each of the small houses seemed to stand a step further front than the one before it, and to wear in consequence a strained expression, as if it were trying to catch a glimpse of Rimmer's store. The apparent attitude of the last house but one, a tiny gray cottage clinging to the hill-side like a bit of lichen, was the real posture of the woman who sat sewing in the front window, now and then lifting her chin and craning her neck for a better view of the gaudy walls a square off.

"Red!" she exclaimed to herself for the twentieth time, the expression of her face suggesting a mild disgust. It was still a pretty face, though it bore only that relation to Sarah Tucker's early beauty which a pressed flower bears to its first freshness: there was a delicate color in the cheeks, which were beginning to crumple all over like the scum of boiled milk; the nose was as straight as ever, but its skin looked as if drawn too tight; and despite their smiling sweetness, the lips lay back upon the small teeth almost with an effort of closing over toothless gums. All about the head, poised daintily on its thin neck, hung row upon row of faded brown curls, each one exactly tubular, and so light and feathery that it fluttered with the faintest motion.

A number of flower-pots were set along the window, and as Miss Sarah nodded and smiled behind them, she looked like a withered house plant herself, perhaps more like a fading white rose than any other.

"Red!"—she smiled sweetly to herself—"of all colors going." Then she said aloud, "Hatfield Rimmer's house looks like it's gittin' into red flannels for winter, father."

"Shows his common idees ez usual. No man thet come of good stock would make a *dis*play of his 'bidin'-place like thet. Though ef he like it, ain't none o' my affair; reckon he thinks it's cheerful-lookin'," responded Mr. Tucker, an aged man with a form which seemed to consist of parchment stretched over a bony framework. His thin nostrils lifted at the sides with a supercilious curve above a long upper lip reaching pompously down to the white beard which overgrew his gnarled chin like a kind of moss.

"Folks must lay hold o' comfort best way they kin in this world o' grief," he added, smartly rapping the ashes from his pipe into the fire about which he was sitting, enclosing the whole hearth between his knees.

"Red would be mighty slack comfort for me," commented his daughter, peering over the flower-pots. "Every time I glimpse thet way my heart fahly jumps up 'n' down thinkin' it's fire."

"Don't look thet way, then," advised the old man, sharply, his eyes shooting a quick gleam upon her.

"Now *my* pick would a ben drab—a nice mouse-color, with green to the shetters an' right white window facin's," went on Miss Sarah, dreamily, still looking sideways through the glass—a condition of view which transferred the unevenness of the medium to the object inspected, giving H. Rimmer's house an effect of swaying as if it were being consumed with flame. "Then I'd hev down them old curtains, an' put up white muslin trimmed with knit lace an' tied back with blue—"

"Sar' Jane Tucker," interposed her father, in an accent of anger, "do I hear my ears? Name o' the just! be you a layin' out what-all you'd do ef you'd a happened to hev a say-so in Hatfield Rimmer's consairns? Mebby you better go right down an' tell him you're po'rful sorry you give him the go-by long ago when you was a gyrl; mebby he'll be glad to know you've changed your mind—though you ain't ez pooty-lookin' ez you was oncet, Sary. I was noticin' in meetin' last Sunday was a week how white your ha'r is over the temples."

He eyed her ruthlessly. All the delicate pink had wavered from Miss Sarah's cheeks, and her lips gave back so that the small, childish-looking teeth showed plainly, but her dark brown eyes kept on him as if she were fascinated by the very cruelty of the words which were cutting away the last belief she had cherished—that she had still some remnant of the beauty which had once drawn all eyes to her face.

"Reckon you've hed your day, Sar' Jane. 'Y George! I mind when thar used to be three an' four beaux callin' to see you of one evenin', every last one glowerin' at the other, an' 'lowin' to set the rest out ef he died for't. Heh! most o' them young roosters hes darters grown: Bud Jenkins, thet like to went deranged when you wouldn't hev him, he hes three likely gyrls, eyes in 'em like gimblets. Hatfield down here, he's the unly one o' the crowd thet hesn't married. Ef you're sorry you didn't hev him—though mebby he never give you the chance to th'ow him over?"

"You kin think what you please about thet," gasped Miss Sarah, turning a lively red. "You know very well he never paid no attention to any one but me; an' I—I—"

"You give him the laugh, didn't yeh, Sary? I know you've always let on thet way. You couldn't a done nothin' else, you bein' a Tucker an' him bein' a nobuddy—left on Rimmer's door-step when he was an infunt, with no signs o' belongin's 'cept a suckin'-bottle an' a red plaid shawl. Reckon he must a ben light-headed to run arter a darter o' Zebulon Tucker, a man thet could skesely count his niggers 'fore the wah. Still, ef you think you'd a done better to take him, I kin—"

"I don't want to hear another word," breathed Miss Sarah, standing straight, her breast heaving, her head thrown back, the ringlets blowing about like dust spirals in a breeze. "Mebby I'm old an' ugly like you say, but I was handsome once—yes, I was so!—an' ef I'd wanted to marry, I hed my chances. Ef I staid single it was because I never keered the wrappin's of my finger for any man that ever ast me to hev him."

"Thesso?" commented Mr. Tucker, in a tone of rather surprised relief. "I'm glad to find you never hed no fancy for Rimmer. I always hed the notient—" He glanced up, and seeing that Miss Sarah was leaving the room with a spasmodic energy in the motion of her reedy figure which hinted openly of coming tears, he paused in his remark, and finished it mentally: "I could of swore she liked Hatfield pooty middlin' well, an' unly th'owed him over cuz she was too proud to take him; but Sary's mighty truthful for a woman person, an' arter what she said jes now I reckon I hed the thing up wrong." His face had assumed an easier look, not unlike the settled calm of a mummy's visage. "'Twould o' kilt me for her to hev married a foundlin': the Tuckers was always the cream o' the risin'—the very top o' the pot."

As days passed by, Mr. Rimmer, in ignorance of the episode to which he had given rise, went on painting his house, while the beeches grew paler, the maples thinner, and the air dreamier with the breath of late fall. He had it vaguely in mind to be done with the work before frost, but it was well on in November, and the way-side sward had several times displayed itself of mornings furred over with white, before he laid his brushes by.

No marked public interest was called out by the appearance of the building; this was its sixth coat of red, and no longer took the eye with a show of novelty. Besides, there was a feeling abroad that those who had the town's good at heart would do well to frown upon Mr. Rimmer's manifest spirit of enterprise, before the infection spread and a fever for needless improvement set in. There might arise talk of filling up the time-honored mud-holes in the streets, of which the very horses had inherited a knowledge from their ancestors; and now that several generations of feet had got the sidewalks packed to a degree of hardness, modern folly might demand that they be paved.

So Mr. Rimmer's friends were wary in their expressions of praise, and those who did not stand much upon the demands of friendship said nothing at all. It was only when the village eye took in the full extent of the fact that Mr. Rimmer's improvements were not, as usual, stopping at the paint, that public excitement began to ferment.

The windows of the upper floor, where the store-keeper lived by himself, were observed on a fine fall morning to be wide open, one of them affording a lavish back view of a portly black woman engaged in washing the glass, her form wedged in the frame like a burnt muffin which has overflowed its ring. That windows should be washed after warm weather in a Kentucky hamlet was unprecedented enough to cause marked surprise; that Mr. Rimmer's windows should be washed at all was matter for appalled conjecture.

When, something later on, the green shades were ousted for new Turkey red ones, which gave the windows an inflamed look, and made the house appear as if it had been up late the night before and had not yet recovered itself, there spread a general impression that a change in Mr. Rimmer's affairs was imminent. Speculation roamed unchecked in a vast expanse bounded by death and marriage. In face of Mr. Rimmer's hearty presence the hypothesis that he had received some hint of his impending death, and was redding up his earthly accounts in respect to it, as women dress their bureau drawers in view of sickness, was felt to be far-fetched, and had no adherents save the old lady who had set it afoot. That he was about to marry was the explanation tacitly settled on, though curiosity was hard beset to discover the direction of Mr. Rimmer's hopes.

Among the eyes which daily sought the corner store for new signs of a change in its owner's condition were the brown eyes of Miss Sarah. All the rumors had floated up the hill-side to her, but she said very little in comment upon them—a circumstance which aroused a tickling sense of uneasiness in old Zebulon Tucker's mind, lest she might know more than she seemed to know about Mr. Rimmer's renovations.

"When a woman talks, everything's safe; when her tongue's still, let a man set his wits workin'," he reflected one day, watching the misty curls floating around his daughter's small downcast face as she plied her needle in the window, the lean shadows of the potted fuchsias tracing a lacy pattern on her hands.

The thought that Sarah was not tricky brought a perceptible degree of reassurance. "But," as the old man shrewdly reckoned, "you can't never be edzactly certain what's passin' in another person's mind." He cleared his throat, and hooking his thumbs in his arm-holes, began to beat his fingers on his chest with the air of a man who is casting about for some light topic of conversational interest. "Thet gyrl Hatfield Rimmer's goin' to marry—folks says it's settled—know anything about her?"

Miss Sarah looked up instantly. "No. What gyrl is it?" she asked, sharply.

"Thet's what I'm astin'," responded her father. "Consid'able curiosity 'bout the hull business round town. Jim Simpson was inquirin' of me this mornin'; he hed a cracked idy thet I might know more'n I let on, bein's you an' Rimmer used to be friendly. I told him you an' Rimmer'd ben on the outs for a coon's age. S' I: 'Why'n name o' sense don't some o' you fellers turn in an' put Hatfield the question? He can't no more'n knock yeh over,' s' I. 'Uck-uh,' says Jim, 'Hatfield's a quiet man, but I ain't goin' to look down the nuzzle of a gun jes 'cuz it ain't bangin' off.' S' he: 'You can't git nothin' out o' Rimmer. He 'pears right outspoken, but he's like a wire-nettin' fly-screen—fur off you kin look thoo it fine, but the closer you git the less you kin see.'"

Miss Sarah made a little mouth of scorn, which did not carry off the trouble weighing down her large eyelids, so thin-looking that they seemed faintly tinged with the brown underneath. "Oh, I don't guess he's so fiery spereted ez all thet," she said, in a casual way. "He never skeered me none; an' this evenin', when I go down to git yarn for your socks, I'm goin' to ast him all about the weddin'."

The furrows in Mr. Tucker's face began to gather in a squirming mass above his nose. "Do' know'z I'd do anything so bold ez thet," he quavered. "You better stay away from the store; he might think you was runnin' arter him."

"I'm too old an' fady for him to think thet ways," said Miss Sarah, turning on him the edge of the weapon he had used to wound her; "an' boldness ain't a kind of weed thet springs up in worn-out sile."

"I'll git the yarn for yeh, Sary."

"I jes ez lives git it myse'f, father; a breath of air won't do me no hurt."

There was a note of finality in her voice which caused the old man to raise no further points against her decision.

"Sooner she goes an' satisfies her curiosity, sooner she'll git the thing off her mind. I reckon things are safe enough; she says she never keered none for him, an' anyhow he's bid in elsewhar."

It was almost dark when Miss Sarah shut the door after her and went in a sort of fluttering gait down the hill. A stiff breeze had set in, and the pale half-moon, steering its craft westward, waxed momently brighter and fuller, as if the wind were swelling its saffron sail.

Half-way down the street she turned to look behind her; night had already absorbed the outlines of the cottage, leaving it distinguishable only by the leaping fire-light in the windows.

In front of her, the squareness of Hatfield Rimmer's store was also swallowed up, the outline of the corner alone remaining distinct, drawn sharply on the orange-colored haze misting the street from the kerosene lamp inside the door.

Miss Sarah turned the corner and paused an instant on the door-step; a little girl was getting some pennies in change handed over the counter, and as she dropped them into her mitten Mr. Rimmer took down a jar and treated her with a red and white stick of candy. Miss Sarah went in as the child came out rapturously sucking the gift.

The store-keeper's broad back was turned, he being engaged in replacing the jar on its shelf. When he wheeled about and saw the slim, straightly fashioned figure standing before him, he gave a distinct start, for Miss Sarah's white face, wrapped in a whiter scarf, was ghostly enough to give him the passing notion that he was facing a merely spiritual presence.

"Hev you any more gray yarn like this?—'twas got here last fall some time," asked Miss Sarah. She laid a bit of wool on the counter and waited.

"Kind-uh give me a turn, facin' round an' seein' yeh," admitted Mr. Rimmer, with an uneasy smile. "Never heard yeh come in."

He began to get down a box of yarn, still looking at her over his shoulder, as if to convince himself of her tangibility.

"Yes?" said Miss Sarah, absently. "Likely you're mind's too occupied these days to hear much that's goin' on outside?" She glanced at him tentatively, a careless smile masking the concern in her eyes.

"Waal, yes," owned Mr. Rimmer, taking the lid off the box—"yes, I've hed heaps to study 'bout lately; kind-uh hard on me too, hevin' no one to advise with."

"Thet 'll soon be mended, folks says."

"Mended?—how mended?"

"I mean you'll soon hev some one to advise with, Mr. Rimmer."

Mr. Rimmer looked at her rather vaguely. "You mean Mis' Rimmer?" he said, with an air of uncertainty.

Miss Sarah, on the verge of denial, remembered that such would be his wife's title, so she gave a short nod of assent, and delving into the box of wool at random, fetched out a skein of bright blue, which she laid by her gray sample, scrutinizing the two closely to see if they matched. Mr. Rimmer thrummed a dubious air on the box lid.

"Waal, I can't say't I look to advise much with mother Rimmer," he acknowledged; "see she's gittin' on in years now—seventy-eight her last birthday. But she's bright ez a button, the old lady is. She's ben livin' with her darter Jinny near Harrodsburg sence the old man died, an' jes lately she's took an notient thet nothin' 'll do but she must come an' keep house fer me, bless her heart! She's the unly mother I ever knew; raised me from a pore little beggar 'thout even a name o' my own."

There was a note of sternness in Mr. Rimmer's voice just then, but he went on more pleasantly:

"So when sis' Jinny wrote me 'bout it, I says, 'Let her come right off,' says I. Sence then I ben fixin' up round ez well'z I could. Folks hes wondered consid'able what I was up to; I kept still'z a mouse; done my heart good to hev the hull town like it was crazy to find out what's in the wind."

Miss Sarah had loosened her scarf, and the light curls were skimming airily about a face which was pink with interest.

"Every one jedged you was fixin' to marry," she smiled; "I was jes goin' to ast you ef it was so."

"*You* never b'lieved sech stuff, Miss Sarah!"

"A person never knows what to believe," said Miss Sarah, making a great show of turning the yarn over.

His tone was so reproachful that she began to feel personally responsible for the rumor.

"I'm sorry I said anything," she admitted, hurriedly; "I'm rale glad to find it ain't so," she pushed on, and then stopped, appalled at what her confused words had implied.

"You—you don't rightly mean that!" breathed Mr. Rimmer, looking at her almost piteously. "But you oughtn't hev said it, onless— Oh, well, you know how it's ben with me ever sence I knew you; onder the circumstances I never dared come right out an' tell yeh—"

"Here's Lutie Clay comin' in with a coal-oil can," hastily interrupted Miss Sarah.

Time being an idea which is crowded into small proportions in a mind pleasantly occupied, it seemed only a few moments to Miss Sarah and the store-keeper that they stood talking together after Miss Clay, like a wise virgin, had supplied herself with oil and had gone forth to fill the parlor lamp against the evening visit of her prospective bridegroom. To old Zebulon Tucker, sitting about the fire at home, waiting with growing anxiety for his daughter's return, it was apparent that an hour had passed before he heard her step on the gravel, sounding light and fleet as if several dry leaves were blowing up the walk.

He kept a sulky silence as she came in, exclaiming at the darkness, "Why 'n't you lit a light, father?"

"Spect me to stumble round in the pitch dyark huntin' a lamp, bangin' into funitchoor, an' stubbin' my toes agin dear knows what all? I never hed to 'tend to woman's work when your maw was livin', an' I ain't goin' to start in now. You ought to be eshamed to leave me alone this ways; both shetters open too; unly wonder is some tramp hevn't come in an' brained me, a pore old man alone in a empty house."

"It is right lonesome up here on the hill, nothin' passin'," said Miss Sarah, corroboratively. "Mr. Rimmer thinks so too." She shot a quick glance at her father, and then added, as if it were the merest after-thought, "He thinks you an' me 'll like it lots better livin' over the store; you kin see everything goin' on."

Mr. Tucker wheeled in his chair with remarkable briskness for so old a man. His daughter was fixing the lamp shade, and appeared not to see his motion.

"A-course we won't make any move 'thout you're reconciled to it," she conceded, gently.

Her father stared at her with incredulity printed in his bulging eyes, while gradual perception of her meaning began to chase the blankness from his sienna-colored features.

"Do I onderstand," he vouchsafed, with bitter calmness, after he had come at speech, "thet you, a Tucker, are purposin' to henceforf abide in a house thet red the very cows skeer at it?"

"It's goin' to be done over in the spring with drab," hastily explained his daughter, "with green to the shetters an' right white window-fixin's."

Balked of this deadly thrust, Mr. Tucker gathered himself for a fiercer onslaught.

"An' your pride, Sar' Jane—whar's your pride at?"

"I'm prouder to-night than I ever have been, paw."

"You are!" ejaculated the old man, astonishment getting the best of his indignation. "Then what you ben foolin' away all these years fer? Why 'n't you marry Hatfield Rimmer long ago?"

Miss Sarah smiled softly, and wound a curl round her finger. "Well, one reason," she said, quietly, "was because he never ast me till to-night."

Eva Wilder McGlasson.

JAMES C. FLOOD.

There is a popular story that James C. Flood began his California career in the direst poverty; some raconteurs even go so far as to say that Mrs. Flood ironed her first piece of San Francisco washing on the floor with a borrowed iron. So far is this from the truth that when Flood and his wife crossed the Isthmus on their way to the Gold State, Mrs. Flood had her donkey and every comfort—the only one of a large party fortunate enough to look back without distaste upon a severe and expensive journey. As soon as Flood arrived in the infant city, with its lawless population and its superfluity of gold-dust, he brought his native business diplomacy into play, and opened a bar-room. For many years this little whiskey shop grew with the city's growth, and Mr. Flood behind his counter kept his keen eye upon the evolution of Western society. The miners drowned their gold-dust in his famous cocktails and passed away; the little timorous merchants followed, and found hope and stimulation in his whiskey; then the gentlemen who were bringing up the State got into the habit of dropping in and discussing the future with the level-headed man who mixed their drinks, and for whose notice they were to struggle in the days of their children's children. Among these visitors were several men of Flood's own social status—Mackay, Fair, O'Brien. Out of long conversations upon the possibilities of California, each contributing his hard-earned experience, grew a mining partnership between the four men. Flood and O'Brien supplied the funds, and Mackay and Fair prospected the gold regions. In the course of six or eight years it became known that these four obscure men were largely interested in the big mines of the Comstock lode. They excited the half-frightened, half-amused attention of the city again and again, until one day the vast treasures of "California" and "Consolidated Virginia" were thrown upon the stock market. In the wild excitement of that time the country crowned four men king with equal generosity, enthusiasm, and execration, and presented Mr. Webster with the new word Bonanza. At this time the four "kings" counted up their shekels to the tune of a couple of hundred millions.

Then came the siege and surrender of social San Francisco. O'Brien died soon after the opening of the Bank of Nevada by the royal quartette; Mrs. Mackay went abroad to conquer Paris; Mrs. Fair was bringing up small children; but the Floods would have San Francisco at their feet or nothing. For a long time San Francisco held out. San Francisco is young, but she is proud. The ancient aristocracy of '49 looked down with scorn upon the invasion of '76. But the Floods had social as well as business acumen. They went down to Menlo Park, the then most ultra exclusive place in California, and bought the old Selby place. Through their business transactions with the Selbys they came in contact with the other conservative dames of Menlo. Mrs. Flood's unaffected good-nature did the rest, and when Menlo had thrown wide its doors, San Francisco allowed its heart to yearn over the Flood coffers. The Floods, owing to various technicalities, were unable to retain the Selby place, and bought an enormous piece of property in the other and less aristocratic wing of Menlo. Here they built them a huge white house, had it furnished by a New York decorator, and in it gave many dinners and house parties, which were more elaborate than sociable. For certain reasons they never gave a ball. The grounds about the Menlo residence are remarkably fine; there are marshes for duck-shooting, and there is a lodge at the gate. Later, Mr. Flood built a large brownstone house in San Francisco, having become impressed with the beauty and symmetry of the New York residence during his visits thither. There are grounds about this house, after the fashion of Frisco mansions, and a brass fence. Altogether it falls short of New York. It was in this house that Mr. Flood first fell ill. The bank had loaned $11,000,000 on wheat, and there was danger of the kings being buried under their throne. Private hoards were thrown into the breach, and the danger tided over; but the excitement, combined with high living, the unrelieved nervous tension of many years, and private worries, were too much for Mr. Flood, and although he rallied from time to time, he finally succumbed, and gradually sank to his death.

Mr. Flood was born sixty-two years ago on Staten Island. He leaves a wife and son and daughter. The family are still wealthy, in spite of losses, and Miss Flood has one or two comfortable millions in government bonds. Both children are unmarried.

THE MARYLAND OYSTER BUSINESS.

If any one is making a study of street cries, there is no better place for material than Baltimore. It is a city in which reminiscences of the old days are closely intermingled with the activities of the present. One of the most interesting of these is the oyster peddler. Early every morning and late every afternoon he makes his rounds. He is faultlessly neat. His expansive white apron is his pride and his emblem. His sleeve coverings are second only to it in cleanliness. His large tin cans and his dipper and his measuring cups are radiant from polish. He himself is an irreclaimable old-timer. He has no sympathy with the modern specimens of his race; oftentimes they jeer at him, but he either ignores them or sends back some cutting sarcasm that silences them. As he creeps up the street, his pace not being rapid enough for a walk, he lets the neighborhood know that he is around. He has a high, penetrating falsetto voice. It can be heard for a square or more, and many a late sleeper has criticised it with more emphasis than elegance. He has a variety of cries. One is "oi-e," uttered in a shrill pitch, with the explosion on the last syllable. Another is "oi-oi-e," which is a varied prolongation of the sound. When business is a little dull and time is plentiful he will indulge in the following, and throw into it all the picturesque resources of his vocal ability:

"Here I have oysters to sell,
Oysters right fresh from the shell—
Oi-e."

Mr. Clinedinst has caught the spirit of this scene with rare fidelity and delightful cleverness, and the picture will be readily recognized by Baltimoreans. Equally well does he illustrate the testing of a cargo of oysters. The place is the deck of one of the 700 boats engaged in the trade. A dealer has just opened a bivalve and is in the act of swallowing it. He will try several more from different parts of the boat, and if they are satisfactory he will purchase the entire load. These two figures, the peddler and the dealer, are the representations of the past and the present. The peddler is rapidly disappearing. Oyster depots and express wagons are taking away his occupation. He remembers the days when oyster shipments from Baltimore to the West went in wagons once a week. Now he sees several oyster express trains daily. The dealer, the packer, and the jobber, with thousands of dollars and hundreds of employés, are managing the trade, and are driving the peddler to the alleys.

The oyster industry is Maryland's greatest source of wealth. The beds cover about 120,000 acres, and the catch per year is 10,000,000 bushels, yielding about $2,000,000 to 50,000 people. Thirty years ago these beds were considered inexhaustible, but so merciless have been the depredations that the greatest oyster territory in the world is in serious danger of permanent depletion. This is due to insufficient laws imperfectly enforced, and the work of the worst class of oyster dredgers, popularly known as pirates. Oystermen are entirely human, and there are good oystermen and bad oystermen. Most of them have no respect for the law, for they look upon the oyster as a blessing of nature not amenable to the statutes of a mere Legislature. In a case in Baltimore this month an oyster captain who was on trial gave the following testimony: "I never struck any man in my life, I never swore an oath in my life, was never called a liar, and never called any one a liar. I would not say I was not sometimes tempted to swear. I never allowed swearing on my boat, and tried to scare the men not to swear by fining any one who swore fifty cents. There was no law against it, of course, but I enforced this rule. Sometimes I have known a man to come to me who would say, 'Captain, give me a dollar and a half's worth'—he wanted to swear so badly."

"Captain, how is it, with your high moral status, you can go on forbidden ground and violate the law of the State?"

"My conscience does not trouble me on that head at all. I do not consider that I am injuring my conscience in the least in violating the laws of the State in this respect, and it's only because I haven't the nerve—my fear of arrest—that would prevent me from dredging at night."

Certain portions of the Chesapeake Bay are staked off for recuperation, and are guarded by an oyster navy, officially known as the State Fishery Force—a police of twelve sloops, two steamers, and one hundred men, under the control of the Governor, the Comptroller, and the Treasurer, who constitute the Board of Public Works. This navy is supported by the revenue from dredging licenses about $60,000 a year.

The navy has degenerated into a political machine with berths for party workers. For years it has been a disgrace to the State. But a clamorous public sentiment has recently compelled a few slight improvements, which explain the victories over the pirates. The navy, however, is still wofully inefficient, and the entire cause is found in too much politics. This is not the only damage politics have done. The oysterman's vote and the oystermen's fee have bred a lot of demagogues who stand in the way of a prompt reform of existing evils.

There are in the Chesapeake 640,000 acres of good oyster lands which can be utilized when the industry shall have been removed from the lawless grab game which it now is, and placed upon a basis of law and common-sense. Protected methods of recuperation must determine the future of the supply. Those methods are in successful operation along Long Island Sound, and in France and other European countries. They are: the prevention of the sale of immature oysters; the placing of young seed oysters on the bay and river bottoms; and oyster farming, that is, the rearing of oysters from the egg—a profitable culture, since each female oyster produces millions of young each year. The question of private property in oyster-beds is being agitated in Maryland now, but it is generally considered impracticable because of the great extent of the territory.

There is no limit to the productiveness of the Chesapeake grounds when once they are sufficiently protected. Professor Brooks, of Johns Hopkins University, who spent months on the bay in the employ of the State, and whose work resulted in the fullest and only reliable report upon the oyster industry ever made to the Legislature, wrote as follows:

"Under our present policy our beds have yielded about 10,000,000 bushels of oysters a year from grounds which are capable of yielding over 500,000,000 bushels annually. Our present policy has resulted in the destruction of some of our most valuable beds and in the serious injury of all of them, while other States have greatly increased the value of their beds, at the same time that they have increased instead of restricted the fishing. It has paid a profit of less than 100 per cent. annually upon the capital invested in the business, while money thus invested in other States has paid an annual interest of more than 200 per cent. It has given employment to about 50,000 of our people for part of the year, while our grounds should give profitable employment to 500,000 people for the whole year. It has paid our oystermen about $2,000,000 a year, although our grounds should pay to their cultivators over $60,000,000 a year. Our 600,000 acres of oyster ground has paid to the State treasury about $50,000 a year, and it has paid about $10,000 a year to the school fund, while the Governor of Rhode Island reports that his State will this year receive a revenue of over $11,000 from 1100 acres of oyster ground, none of which is so valuable as that of our State. On the same basis our revenue should be more than $6,000,000 a year."

This is a very conservative estimate of the possibilities of Maryland's oyster supply. The greatness of the industry can be imagined when it is known, as stated in Professor Brooks's report, that a crop of oysters valued at $8,000,000 was raised upon a French farm of 492 acres, while upon another French farm of 500 acres 16,000,000 oysters were taken in six tides, although there were no oysters to be found there when the farm was established five years before.

Lynn R. Meekins.

THE HARTFORD CALAMITY.

On Sunday night, the 17th, there were about 40 "guests" in the Park Central Hotel, at Hartford, Connecticut. It was a large showy structure of brick and artificial stone measuring 50 feet on the High Street front by 125 on Allyn Street, and rising to the height of five stories. Several midnight travellers were told that all the rooms of the house were occupied, and then quiet was absolute until, shortly before five o'clock Monday morning, the building collapsed. Where the lofty hotel had stood, in a twinkling there remained scarcely twenty feet high of rubbish, a dreadful tangle of beams, bricks, corpses, and shrieking men and women. There was absolutely no warning. Some of the survivors say they heard an explosion an instant before they were dropped from their beds in the higher stories into the cellar. Others say they heard nothing, but felt their rooms raised up a little distance before they sank into what seemed a pit. Very quickly fire added its horrors to a scene almost beyond recital. There were lives to be saved, and firemen and citizens worked like madmen under the agonized gaze of sufferers so firmly imprisoned that they could only wait and plead. One family was in clear view of a crowd by this time very numerous. The little girl was wild with fright, but the father and mother stood silent with clasped hands. All three fell back into the flames. Others were burned, some were crushed, some were drowned by the water which put out the fire. As nearly as can be stated—the night clerk being dead and the books destroyed—there were twenty-two killed and ten seriously wounded.

The mystery of this disgraceful disaster was very short. In the basement there was a large boiler used for steam-heating, for laundry-work, and for driving the electric-light dynamo. It was a good boiler, but the engineer went to bed and left it to itself. That was his custom on Sunday nights, he explained when arrested. It is impossible to say more precisely what exploded the boiler, but it is supposed somebody turned water into it when it was very hot. The explanation of how the explosion wrecked the entire structure leaves nothing to be desired for completeness. The hotel had no foundation. The bottom courses were laid on planks resting on the earth. The bricks were so soft that the contractor could not sell them to any one else. The mortar was made without cement, and with little lime. And the work of construction was so bad that the walls "never saw the day they were plumb." There was no secret about this. Local insurance companies refused risks on the flimsy death-trap, and what is called "politics" prevented official inspection that must have condemned the building, which, it is possible, fell of its own weight instead of being wrecked by the explosion.

ONE WINTER MORNING.

It was yet while the world was awaiting
The sunrise, expectant and still,
That I heard the long icicles tinkle,
As lightly they broke on the sill.
Then I knew it had come, and I hastened
To see what new vision it brought;
But the window was veiled by a marvel,
That hid the true landscape I sought.

For the oldest of all the old masters
Had left there, in pencilling clear,
Memorial pictures of seasons,
The dead and beloved of the year.
There were pathways and nooks of a forest
O'er-curtained by clustering vines,
And mountains made near and familiar
By groups of the larches and pines.

There were rushes and reeds by a river
That sheltered the heron and crane,
And daisies that dimpled a meadow,
And tassels and pennons of grain.
There were all the rich fruits and the leafage
Which missals of Autumn portray;
And all the sweet idyls of Summer,
And innocent scenes of the May.

Ah, Nature took thought for the Winter!
In the days that were kindly and fair
She stored up these images lovely
To lure him from sorrow and care.
Then my soul to herself whispered softly,
"This parable may not be lost;
The beauty of Life shall be treasured
To peer out again through the frost!"

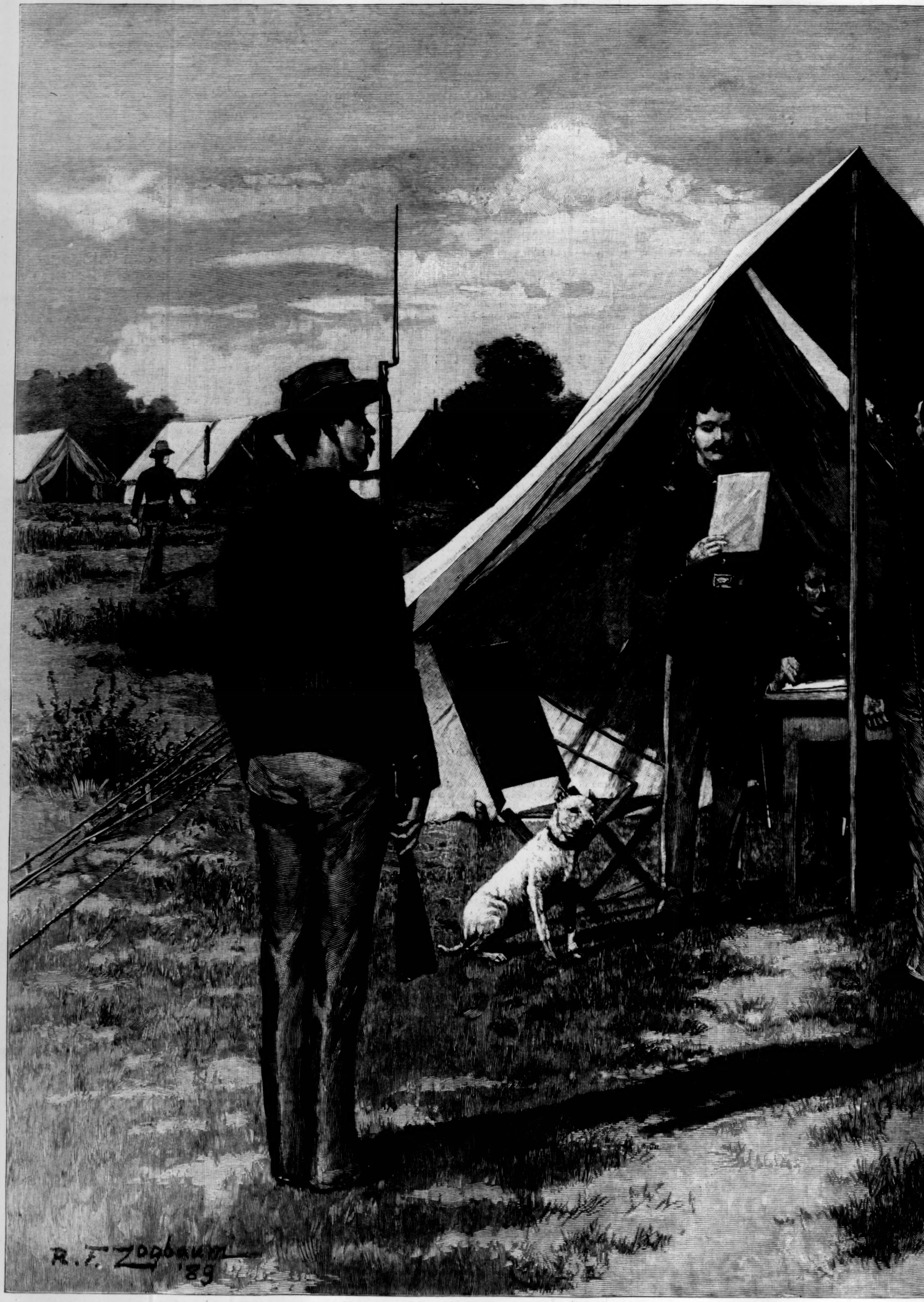
Carol C. Day.

GENERAL AND GARRISON COURTS-MARTIAL.

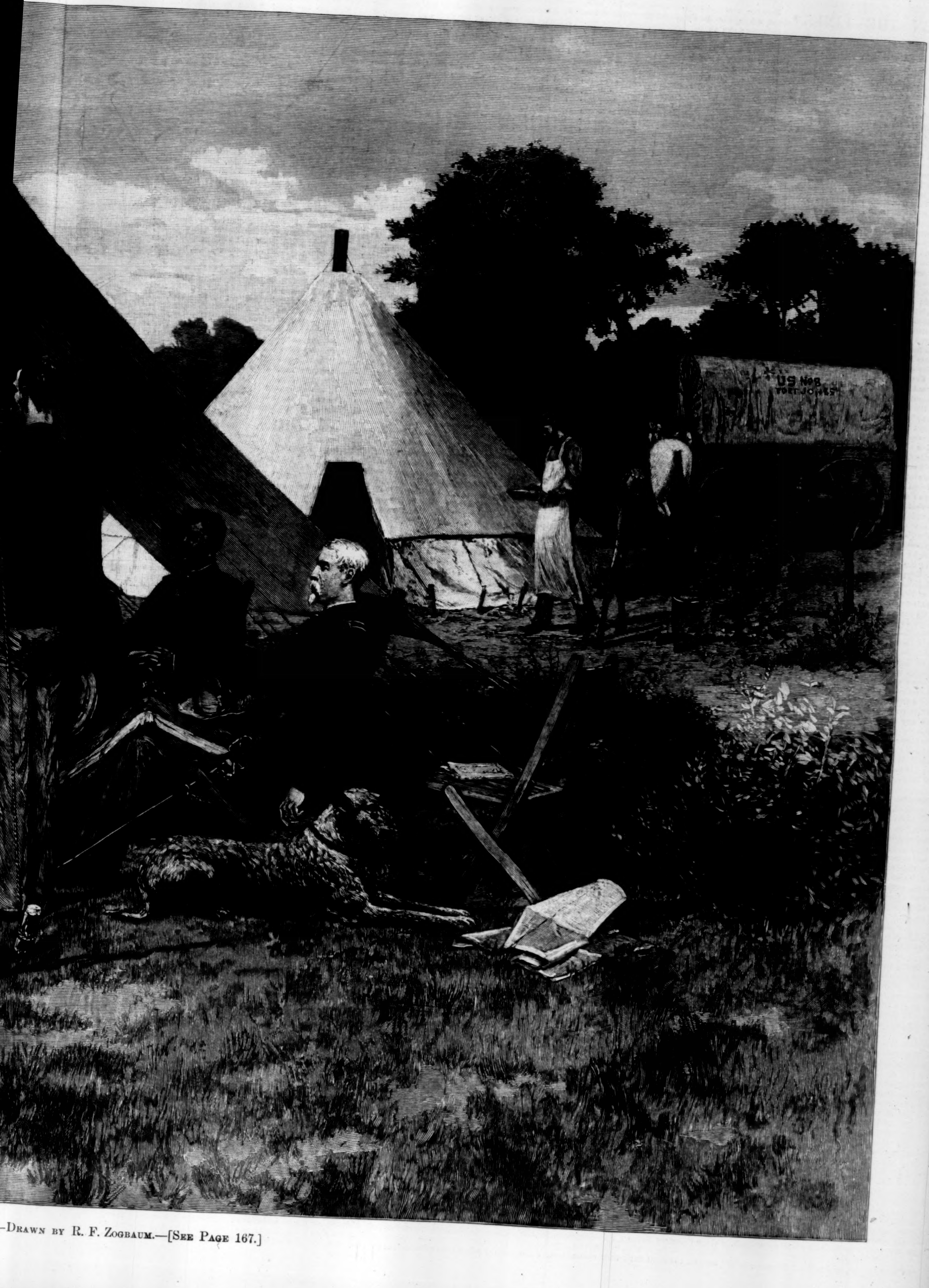
The "Articles of War" provide for the trial by courts-martial of all persons under the control of the military authorities of the country who may be accused of offences committed against the regulations and laws enacted for the government of the armies of the United States. Unlike the practice in civil life, the combined powers of both judge and jury are vested in the officers composing a court-martial, they deliberating upon the evidence of the witnesses, determining as to the guilt or innocence of the defendants, and passing sentence upon culprits. An officer is appointed as Judge-Advocate, whose duties are to conduct the prosecution as well as to act as counsel for the accused when the latter has no legal adviser of his own, and to object to any questions that might lead to an answer on the part of the defendant tending to criminate himself.

So-called general courts-martial are convened for the hearing and judgment of important cases and for the trial of commissioned officers, and may be appointed by any general officer commanding a separate army or department. Such a court consists of thirteen members, unless the exigencies of the service prevent the assembling of that number of officers; but in no case may a general court have less than five members.

Garrison or regimental courts-martial, having three members, are appointed by the commanding officer of any post or regiment, and are convened for the trial of minor offences on the part of any of the enlisted men forming the command. As the law now stands, even the slightest infringement of the rules of discipline calls for action by a court-martial, and such petty breaches of good conduct, as absence from roll-call or from quarters after "taps," slovenly or untidy dress, quarrelsome or abusive language to comrades or non-commissioned officers, etc., the penalty for which is usually the imposition of a slight fine to be stopped from the soldier's pay, are treated with all the form and ceremony of trials for grave offences. The sworn testimony of the witnesses, according to the rules of evidence, must be reduced to writing, and a report made of the proceedings in each case, as the regulations prohibit the execution of any sentences by a court-martial until its action is confirmed by the officer ordering the court. When the fact is taken into consideration that, according to the report of Colonel Lieber, Acting Judge-Advocate-General, there were 10,447 trials before garrison courts during the past year in an army the total peace footing of which is limited by law to a force of but 25,000 men, it would seem that a system less cumbersome and less irksome to both officers and men might be devised by which petty violations of regulations could be punished summarily without injustice to the soldier.


R. F. Zogbaum
'89

A COURT-MARTIAL IN THE FIEL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FORT JONES

—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 167.]

BETWEEN THE LINES.*

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.,

AUTHOR OF "A WAR-TIME WOOING."

XXVI.

"No time for love or sighing," indeed! "On to the Potomac!" "On to threatened Pennsylvania!" were the watchwords. Though his sore heart clung to Virginia, duty and honor called Frank Kearny to his post in the marching column. There was only time to sit him down by the flickering light of the camp fire, and on scraps torn from his pocket diary to write her a hurried letter full of sympathy, sorrow, and wordless devotion. Of his love and constancy he made no mention, but no woman could fail to read their presence in every line. Thrusting in old Nelse's brown palm a roll of treasury notes, at sight of which the eyes of the recipient nearly bulged from their sockets, Kearny bade the negro reward his fellows for the shelter they had afforded Aunt Bell and himself, to keep the bulk of the money for his support and hers until the major should come again, but to fail not in setting forth with the rising sun and to bear that letter to Miss Armistead, even if he had to follow her to Richmond; and Nelse promised faithfully to obey. Then, measurably comforted, Kearny roused his sleepy escort, and bidding good-night to the officer commanding the patrol, rode away eastward in search of his trains.

Who has forgotten the days that followed—the breathless hush of anxiety and suspense, the rueful stories of invasion and disaster, the loud alarum in the valley of the Susquehanna, the thrill of dread in Washington and Philadelphia, the excitement and almost defiant rejoicing in Baltimore, the flaming skies above Columbia and Carlisle, the plumed squadrons of Stuart's raiders whisking past the outlying pickets of the national capital, sabring their way into the thick of the Union trains and then trotting jauntily through the very streets of York, the dusty skirmishers of grim old one-legged Ewell scaring the whole country-side into refuge at Harrisburg? All over the astonished North consternation and dismay. All through the Army of the Potomac the thrilling sense that now at last their turn had come; that now, at least, it must be do or die.

Far in rear of the marching columns when he reached the Potomac, still chained to the hateful task of guarding trains, Major Kearny heard with eager delight that a sudden change had been effected in the organization of the cavalry. A foreign officer who had long commanded the scattered division to which he belonged had been relieved at Frederick, a new leader placed at its head, and now, under men like Buford, Gregg, Merritt, Custer, and Farnsworth, the troopers of the Army of the Potomac, in three strong divisions, were scouring the country in front of the trudging infantry. Beyond question they would be the first to grapple with the foe, and Kearny was about the last man in the array who could rest content with the duty assigned him. No sooner was he north of the stream than he intrusted to the care of a staff-officer hurrying to the front an urgent appeal to the commander of the cavalry corps to be allowed to come to the front in any capacity whatever, and in a few days the welcome order reached him, "Report for immediate duty to the general commanding the Second Cavalry Division now marching on Hanover." With eagerness unspeakable he turned over his battalion to the senior captain, and pushed forward that very night.

And so it happened that once again he greeted his comrades of the old regiment. He found them haggard, dusty, worn with ceaseless marching and sleepless nights, cruelly thinned in numbers, but "still there," and Dayton with them. There, too, grimy with dust, like their comrades, was the regiment in which Mullane had lived his brief and inglorious year; but with him had disappeared the faction of which he was the acknowledged leader and exponent. A dozen officers from its ranks spurred forward to greet and welcome the new-comer, who sat in saddle in rear of the long skirmish line of dismounted Jerseymen, shaking hands with captains and lieutenants by the dozen. The whole brigade seemed to feel that it must do its best to show Major Kearny the pleasure his coming afforded every man. They all knew how he had never ceased his importunities to be sent to the front until the order was granted, and here he was, just in time for Gettysburg.

Two anxious days had passed since Buford, far over on the left, had discovered the advancing infantry of Pettigrew and Archer, and, true to his instincts, had rushed straight at the throat of his foe and striven to hold and pin him there—west of the Lutheran Seminary—until the Army of the Potomac could come up and man that priceless ridge below the quaint old Pennsylvania town. Now the morning of the 3d had come—the climax of it all. In vain had Ewell forced his columns—Jackson's old men—to the assault of the bowlder-strewn slopes of Culp's Hill. In vain had Hood's Texans hurled their charging lines on the Round Tops at the southern flank. The Union ranks had reeled and staggered under the repeated onsets; the Union colors had been steadily beaten back from the pike and that famous peach orchard at the angle of Sickles's front; but all the crest of Cemetery Ridge was crowned with black-mouthed batteries and panting but determined battalions in the grimy blue; all the curving, wooded slopes at the north were watched by keen-eyed Northern riflemen; all the broad plateau to the eastward, far over as Westminster, was powdered with the dust of tramping columns, and glistening with reflected sunshine from the canvas covers of countless wagons. Here, too, were parked the reserve batteries; here, too, the ammunition trains and the scores of ambulances; and all the beautiful, undulating, fertile farm-land between them and the North lay open to the advance of hostile cavalry, but for the covering skirmish lines of the Second Division; and of these the old —— New Jersey was farthest to the front, crouching along the rail-fence by the road-side and watching with eager eyes the fringe of wood on yonder opposite slope. "Stuart is back!" "Stuart has rejoined Lee!" These were the words that passed from mouth to mouth that gorgeous July morning. Now look out for squalls! Just at noon, when men and horses alike were looking longingly at the forest shades along the ridges, and seeking shelter from the fierce rays of the July sun, there came the staff-officer galloping over from Meade's head-quarters with the stirring message: "Look well to your front! Howard reports that he can see from Cemetery Hill great masses of cavalry marching out north of you. They must be forming behind those ridges now."

All the long hot morning has been spent in comparative quiet. Custer and his "Wolverines" have scouted all the roads for a mile or more above the Hanover pike. There are skirmishers in gray out there beyond Wolf Hill, where McIntosh and his dragoons joined the extreme right of Howard's corps. There are little scouting parties of Confederate horse twinkling through the woods and farm enclosures up toward the York road. But just at one o'clock Custer and his fine brigade have started away under orders to march to the Round Tops across that intervening plateau whereon are all those dust-covered reserve batteries, ammunition wagons, and trains. He moves reluctantly, and with a shake of his curly head and a lingering glance over his shoulder at the wooded crest behind those substantial farm buildings a mile away northward across the open fields. "You may be attacked any minute," he says to the brigade commander. "Those woods are full of 'em by this time." And now, just as Kearny is shaking hands with his comrades, there bursts upon the startled ear the roar of the fierce cannonade that ushers in the afternoon of the 3d of July—a roar that speedily swells into the deafening thunder of the most stupendous duel of batteries ever heard on this continent. It is the two hours' prelude to Pickett's memorable and heroic assault, and for a few minutes the cavalry out on the distant flank can only look on and listen, awed by the magnificence of the sight and sound. The western edge of the plateau, three miles or more away, is presently shrouded in a cloud of sulphur smoke, which, perpetually being rent and torn by flashing shells, closes promptly over the gaps and only gains in density. Then comes the call to action on the right. "Skirmishers forward!" ring the trumpets, and Dayton clasps for an instant Kearny's hand, then draws his sabre and gallops over to his advancing squadron. The brigadier has determined not to await attack, but to see for himself what is to be found along those forest-fringed heights across the level field. Whoever occupies them commands a view of the country for miles to the south, and takes "in reverse" the line of battle of the Army of the Potomac and its parks of reserve batteries, ammunition, and supplies. What if Stuart should already be there? What if even now, screened by those woods, he is forming his charging columns on the other side, and is preparing to come sweeping down on these slender lines, brush them to either side, and then go careering madly on, playing havoc among those defenceless trains? Who can doubt the effect of such a dash when coupled with the grand assault now beginning from the west? Who can say where ruin and disaster will be checked should this indeed prove to be his plan?

Kearny has ridden back toward the pike to rejoin the division commander, who comes spurring up with an anxious look o'erspreading his soldierly, bearded face. Together they rein in on a little knoll at the southeastern angle. Behind them in the highway Pennington's rifled guns are still unlimbered, for Custer's column is not yet clear of the field, and he does not move until his cavalry comrades are all on their way. In front is Chester's section, the cannoneers lying or squatting about the guns, the drivers dismounted and resting near their drooping horses. To the left, drawn up in close column of squadrons, are battalions of Union horse almost grilling under the blazing sunshine; but the eyes of all men follow the movements of that long skirmish line swinging boldly out across the farm fields toward those solid-looking buildings of the thriving Pennsylvania husbandman. "Rummel's barn" becomes the object of an interest it never knew before.

Suddenly up from the earth spring the men at the guns. A murmur of excitement flies along the mounted ranks. "Look at 'em!" "Yonder they come!" are the cries, and all in an instant, out from behind the farm buildings, out from the big substantial barn, running into line, agile as monkeys, come scores of skirmishers in gray rushing for the low stone wall. In an instant both lines have opened fire, and the cavalry combat at the right flank has begun.

"Ha, I thought so!" exclaims the general. "Look at the guns. Stuart himself, as a matter of course." And out on the heights in the rear of the farm buildings—those coveted heights from which the whole field can be so plainly seen—two horse batteries trot briskly into view from the leafy shelter in which they have been lurking, and in an instant are whirling around into position. Before a shot can be rammed home, Chester and Pennington have saluted the new-comers, and with spiteful shriek the shells go whizzing over the heads of the intervening skirmishers, and the batteries have joined in the general uproar. Just about the time when the Union guns along Cemetery Ridge are cooling down for the reception of the assault so surely coming, far out here on the right flank their comrades with the cavalry brigades have taken up the chorus, and in a moment every gun is in full song. The Rummel barn is jetting fire-flash and smoke; it is packed with sharp-shooters, before whose sheltered aim many a gallant fellow of the Jersey regiment is going down. Kearny feels a sudden sense of keen anxiety for Dayton, and longs to be allowed to dash out to the front, but his general knows a more effective plan. A word to the young officer commanding the advanced guns and the muzzles are depressed, the trails whipped suddenly to a slight change of direction, and in the next instant the shells are bursting under the barn roof itself, ripping and tearing the brittle wood-work, firing the hay-stacks, and emptying it of its human contents in the twinkling of an eye. The whole brigade sets up a cheer and laugh as the discomfited sharp-shooters come tumbling out and, bending almost double, scurry for the shelter of the low stone wall. Another and a louder cheer bursts forth when, with a blare of trumpets, Custer, "ever ready for a fight," comes galloping back at the head of his gallant Michigan brigade and deploys his excited chargers into close column of squadrons, ready for anything as their sabres flash in air. One regiment he hurriedly orders in dismounted to cover the left of his column; another to aid the thinned and bleeding rank of Jerseymen; a third, in saddle, dashes for the stone wall along the little stream at the western edge, just in time to meet there the flower of Virginia's cavalry and be borne back in the rush. There are ten minutes of wild excitement and stirring battle-cries—ten minutes of rally and countercharge, in which the Virginians in turn are outnumbered and hurled back. A brief breathing-spell for the horsemen while the gunners concentrate their fire on the batteries on the Cress Ridge, and then—then comes the glorious episode of a never-to-be-forgotten day.

Just as Pickett's devoted lines are breasting the slopes for the final and desperate attempt to pierce the Union centre, Cavalier Stuart, with all his chivalry at his back—six thousand glittering sabres at his beck and call—darts in to carry out his share of the well-planned combination. Watching from his leafy covert at the summit back of Rummel's house, he hears the signal guns of the Washington Artillery far across the plateau; he notes the mass of trains and wagons down toward the south, shielded only by that thinned and travel-worn division drawn up in front of the Hanover pike. The time to strike has come, and, like poised falcon, his compact columns wait ready for the swoop. Behind him, in the open fields of the Stalsmith farm, are the brigades of Hampton and Fitz-Hugh Lee. No leader on earth need seek for braver men or keener riders. There they sit in saddle, eager for the word—eager for their great part in the drama of the day—and now it comes.

Kearny has just galloped back to his general's side, his eyes flashing with excitement, the sweat pouring down from his forehead, panting with his exertions in rallying the scattered troopers on the left. Another regiment of the Michigan brigade has just trotted into close column under Custer's eye. The Jerseymen and Pennsylvanians are slowly retiring, with emptied cartridge-boxes, to where their horses await them in the woods by the "Low Dutch" road at the eastern verge, leaving the "Wolverines" to oppose the gray skirmishers along the little stream and among the farm buildings at Rummel's, when, at the very northern edge of the open fields—just at a gap in the forest-covered ridge—there rides into view a pageant at sight of which a murmur of admiration bursts from the Union ranks. Sweeping out upon the gentle slope, with fluttering guidons and waving plumes overhead, with sabres at the carry glistening in the unclouded sunshine, moving with stately ease and deliberation, forming squadron front as soon as the columns clear the gap and reach the broad expanse in front, then closing in mass as they steadily advance, side by side come the famous troopers of Wade Hampton and Fitz-Hugh Lee. Here are the men who have borne the flags of the Carolinas and Virginia to the very borders of the Susquehanna, and made them famous on a score of fields. Here are the raiders who have followed Stuart in many a dash around our jaded flanks and rear. Watch them as squadron after squadron gains its front and distance at the trot. Mark the steadiness and precision of every move. And now see that slow, stately half-wheel to their right as they descend the slope. That means they are coming square at Chester's guns, now just one mile away.

See the rush and scurry among the dismounted skirmishers midway up the field! Out of the way with you, lads! Run for your horses, every man of you! Never heed those peppering riflemen in the barn-yard now. Here come foemen worthy of your steel, and all the Union cavalry is athrill with excitement and enthusiasm. "Mount! mount!" are the shouted orders. "Steady, now, men!" the caution from many a squadron leader as the very horses seem to plunge and tug at the bits as though eager for the fray. Look at Custer, his curls floating in the rising breeze, his eyes kindling like coals of fire, his sinewy hand gripping the sabre hilt, trotting up and down in front of his heart-throbbing lines, giving quick, terse words of instruction and warning. Bang! bang! go Chester's guns, sending their whirring compliments to the massive gray columns still placidly advancing at the walk, and a cheer of exultation, not unmingled with low murmurs of soldierly pity, greets the sight of the exploding shells square in the midst of the beautiful division. But not one whit do they swerve or slacken. On still steadily they come, and now the field in front is cleared, and now all the guns are hurling shell and case-shot, and now the slow, stately advance becomes suddenly shimmering and tremulous to the eye; it only means that the pace has been quickened to the trot. A quarter mile at that gait, another at the gallop, and they will be here.

Now for our side! "Meet them, McIntosh! Meet them, Custer!" are the general's quick orders; "but let them get well down this way. Do not charge until they are in line with the woods; then we've got 'em on both flanks too." Capital plan that. Lining the fence by the road-side on the east are hundreds of kneeling troopers ready to open fire as the columns come sweeping by. Over on the west side, too, along the little run, are other skirmishers all ready for the coming host. Possibly Stuart does not see this—possibly does not care. Heedless of bursting shell and hissing lead, silent, stern, inflexible, in exquisite order and perfect alignment, the Southern horse sweep grandly down the field. "Keep to your sabres, men!" is the order passed from rank to rank. Brandy Station, Aldie, and Upperville have taught them the lesson that the revolver is no weapon to cope with the blade wielded by brawny Northern arms. On they come, the ground trembling and rumbling under the quickening tread of these thousands of hoofs. Listen! "The gallop!" *Now*, Michigan! *Now*, New York and Pennsylvania! tighten your sabre knots; take good grip; touch boot to the centre; keep your dress; eyes straight to the front, and *forward!*

"Major Kearny, gallop round to the —— New Jersey. Mount every man you can find, and order a charge on their left flank the instant we check them here! Give 'em canister now, Mr. Chester!" These are the last orders Kearny gets from his general this day of days. Putting spurs to his horse, he darts around the rear of Chester's guns just as "the advance" is ringing from the trumpets, clears the front of the squadrons issuing from the woods at rapid trot, and glancing over his shoulder, sees the rush of the "Wolverines" up the field, sees Custer four lengths ahead, darting straight at the plunging host in gray, hears the sudden burst of terrific yells with which the men of Stuart welcome the signal "Charge!" hears the fearful crash with which the heads of columns come together, marks the sudden silence of the cannon, useless now when friend and foe are mingled in death-grapple at the front, and with a din of savage war-cries, orders, shouts, shots, clashing sabres, and crunching hoofs ringing in his ears, he speeds on his way to the fence and the wood road, wild with eagerness to rally his old comrades and lead them in.

Back among the trees to the right, whither the led-horses had been conducted out of range, "there is mounting in hot haste," and thither gallops the young major, flashing his sabre in air and calling to his old comrades to form their line. Rapidly he rides along the fence. "Mount, men, mount! Quick, Dayton! Quick, Hart!" he shouts. "Form your men, and get in here on the edge of the field!" But all along that fragile barrier are scores of troopers, kneeling or lying prone, blazing away at the dense, dust-covered, struggling mass of gray horsemen only three hundred yards away; and in the thunderous din no voice is audible beyond a rod or two. Dayton spurs up and down in the roadway until he has driven a dozen men back in search of their steeds. Hart gallops southward to where his squadron, mounted, is guarding the led-horses in among the trees. Half a dozen Pennsylvanians, officers and men, come trotting up to Kearny, eager to be "counted in" if there is to be a charge; other troopers tear down a panel or two of fence that the forming squadrons may get in from the dusty road. Out in the broad fallow field the uproar of the fierce combat swells and rages, and though the long compact columns are still pushing on, the headlong speed of the charge is gone, the leading squadrons are swallowed up in cheering clouds of swordsmen dressed in the Union blue. The Southern leaders are hewing their way, and fighting like tigers, and yelling command and encouragement to their men, but those "Wolverines" of Custer have barred the path; scores of troopers from all over the field are bearing down on front and flanks. Chester's guns have torn fearful rents in their now beleaguered column; hundreds of steeds are rolling in agony on the turf, and hundreds of riders are bleeding and thrown. Eager troopers dash from their places in the rearward lines and rush yelling to join the combat at the front. Hampton's battle-flag is waved on high and spurred through the mass of swaying chargers to animate the Carolinians to renewed effort; but it is all practically unavailing; the impetus of the attack is done, and now, though outnumbering the horsemen swarming upon them from every side, Lee and Hampton are almost helpless. Relying on dash, weight, and inertia to sweep everything before them, the Southern leaders have failed to provide for just this possibility. Now their gallant men are jammed together in one great, surging mass; only those on the flanks or front can use sabre or pistol; the rest are useless as so many sheep. In vain their officers shout hoarse commands to open out, to cut their way to right or left. From east and west every instant fresh parties of Union horse come dashing in with new shock and impetus, hurling men from the saddle, adding to the clamor and confusion; utterly blocking every attempt of the gray troopers to wheel outward and hew a path to the relief of their struggling comrades in the foremost lines. Kearny notes it all with mad exultation. Dayton, with his half-score of men, and the Pennsylvania troopers are hurriedly ranging themselves in rank, when through the dust-cloud they catch sight of that battle-flag of Hampton's struggling forward in the midst of the Confederate column. "There's our point!" he shouts as with flashing eyes he turns to his little troop. "Come on, men!" And with Dayton at his side, and the cheering line of horsemen at his back, down he goes in headlong dash upon the surging flank. Another instant, and with crash and shock that hurls many a rider from the saddle among the

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* Begun in No. 1667.

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grinding hoofs below, and overthrows a dozen plunging steeds, Kearny and his swordsmen are hewing their way into the very heart of Hampton's legion and making straight for the flag. There is a moment of fierce, thrilling battle, of vehement struggling, of yells and curses and resounding blows and clashing steel and sputtering pistol-shots; a moment of mad excitement wherein he sees, but for a second of time, bearded, grimy, sweat-covered faces, lit up with battle fire, that live in his memory for years; a moment when every sense seems intensified and every nerve and sinew braced to fivefold force, and in the midst of it all, just as he spurs his charger to the standard-bearer's side and his sabre is raised to cut him down, and all around him is one wild yell and clamor, there springs between him and his prize a face and form he well remembers, a bearded knight in gray and gold, whose gleaming steel dashes to one side the blow he aims at the standard-bearer's skull, and before he can parry in return, has gashed his cheek from ear to chin. Kearny reels from the force of the blow, but firmly keeps his seat, and though half stunned, his practised hand whirls his blade to the point and sends it straight at the bared and brawny throat before him. An agile twist is all that saves the jugular; but it is a wellnigh fatal move, unbalancing the horseman just as he is struck in flank by a stalwart sergeant of Kearny's little troop, and down he goes, horse and rider crashing to earth in the centre of the struggling mass. Almost at this supreme moment, too, Kearny's buzzing ears are conscious of a tremendous cheer and thundering shock behind him. He hears Dayton's exultant yell of welcome to Hart and his charging squadron, and then he hardly knows what happens in the next moment or two. He feels that the crowded mass about him is disintegrating, slipping away, edging back up the field. He finds that he is borne helplessly with them. He is dizzy, faint, bleeding, and exhausted, and can only drift along; and he hardly knows how to account for it when, a few minutes later, he is leaning, breathless, against the shoulder of his panting horse, and Dayton, panting too, is at his side bathing and bandaging his mutilated face.

"Have we driven them?" he gasps.

"Driven them? Look!" is the answer as Dayton points exultingly up the field. A cloud of dust is settling back to earth, shrouding many a group of prostrate, stiffening or struggling men and horses; but, surging up the slopes down which they swept so gallantly but a little time before, goes a disordered mass of fugitives, with Custer and McIntosh, Michigan, Pennsylvania, and Jersey, cheering, hacking, hewing at their backs. The great cavalry fight is over, and Stuart is foiled. Even as Pickett's torn and cruelly shattered lines are drifting back from the assault on Hancock's stubborn front, their daring brethren were breaking before the sabres of Gregg's division—they had been sacrificed in a vain attempt.

That night, late, Frank Kearny is seated with bandaged face by the bedside of the man whose sabre dealt the blow. Stunned and bleeding, Scott Falconer had been dragged from under his dying horse and carried, just after the return of the troopers from their successful pursuit, to the lines of Jersey battalions; and men wondered why on earth Major Kearny should insist on giving to the Confederate officer the rude cot they had brought from Lott's farm-house for him. Not only that, but he would not rest until he had found a surgeon who could spare a moment in which to attend the suffering man thus thrown a second time a prisoner in his hands. Thanks to both of them, and to Dayton too, Captain Falconer is so much better by the hour the trumpets are pealing tattoo that he is propped up on his rough pillow of overcoat and blankets and enjoying a bite of something to eat—the first he has had for twenty-four hours—and a big tin cup of coffee—the first he has tasted since they raided the trains down by Rockville. Then he grows communicative.

"Whom do you suppose we had the pleasure of hanging just before we crossed the Potomac?" he asks the major, for Kearny had been speaking of the destruction of the Armistead homestead.

"Tierney, I hope," suggests Captain Dayton.

"Tierney it was," is the reply. "As thorough-paced a villain as we ever had to deal with. It was he who really got Henry Armistead into that awkward scrape. It was he who succeeded in clouding your name with a charge of murder, so we heard, Major Kearny. And he bragged prodigiously when he first got back to us of having shot the captain in a duel. He told a whining story of self-defence afterward. Stuart found out his double-dealing and had him kicked out of camp. Then he joined some guerillas, and out of sheer drunken wantonness burned the old homestead. Then he was caught at Leesburg in some more dirty work, and the next thing I heard he was strung up in front of the house he had robbed."

"I may as well tell those fellows of Mullane's old regiment, Kearny," says Dayton, after a moment's silence. "It will interest them to know the fellow confessed to the shooting."

But Kearny makes no reply. His heart is dwelling on a far different matter.

"You knew the Armisteads well, did you not?" he presently asks his captive guest.

"Yes. Our people have been their friends and neighbors for three generations."

"Can you form any idea where Miss Armistead has gone, or whether she has remained under Dr. Loring's care?"

"Indeed I cannot, major. I did not hear of either of them while we were at White Plains. Has Henry been exchanged yet, or that brother of mine? If not, and I am sent to join them, very possibly I can find out and get word to you. Either one of them would be more apt to know than I. Wayne has always been an adorer of hers."

"I heard as much," answers Kearny, averting his bandaged face and looking gloomily away. "It is an engagement, I presume."

"It may be, I suppose, if we ever get through with this—unpleasantness."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RAISING HORSES ON THE NORTHWESTERN RANGES.

BY JAMES D. WHELPLEY.

THE idea of spirited and untrammelled freedom was never better conveyed than by the sight of a band of range horses on their native hills or prairie. In the cool of the day, with heads erect, eyes and ears on the alert, the approach of an object, be it man or beast, is heralded by the increased nervousness of the horses; and if, after a careful examination, the object partakes of an alarming nature, the band breaks into a sharp trot. Thundering over the prairie, they place a safe distance between themselves and the intruder. With no limits, apparently, but their own desire to travel, the horses wander over the country inside of a limit chosen by themselves—localities which are determined by being a reasonable distance from water and comprising desirable feeding-ground, consisting of low lands on which the tall rank grass grows, and ridges and plateaus which are covered with the far-famed buffalo and bunch grasses of the plains. In the cool, pleasant mornings they will be found on the highest ridges, the older and more staid members of the "bunch" quietly feeding, while the young colts up to three years old are kicking up their heels and running about as full of play as a lot of kittens.

Toward noon, when the sun begins to make its power felt, they leave the uplands, hunt some small stream or springs, drink their fill, and lie down in the cool damp grass until it commences to get cool again, when they gradually feed out of the "coulées," or ravines, and are found again on the hills they love so well.

Range horses feed in bands, or bunches, as they are called in the West, numbering from fifteen to seventy-five, it being very seldom the case that more than this number stay together any length of time. A leader, or "herder," is generally "boss" of the band, made so by his superior fighting qualities and aggressiveness, driving away all newcomers, thus keeping about the same number with him the entire season.

In central and eastern Montana the range horse is seen to perfection. At the present day he is a fine animal, graded up from the Indian ponies by the introduction of full-blooded or high-grade Clyde, Norman, Percheron, and stallions of many other excellent breeds. Of medium height and weight, long-winded, with great endurance and fairly speedy, with good hoofs, strong legs, muscular body, intelligent head, and an eye as keen as a hawk's, he is an animal which is forcing recognition in the horse markets of the world for an all-purpose horse.

The methods of raising and handling this style of horse are so entirely different from that by which the Eastern farmer's horse becomes serviceable, it may be well to devote a little space to describing them. In the first place, the parties intending to engage in this business select their location, preferably on some small stream of water or near some good springs, at or near which must be a little patch of natural meadow-land on which a few tons of hay can be cut to feed the stallions, saddle-horses, and what other stock may be thought advisable. This location found, a quarter section, or one hundred and sixty acres of land, is "taken up" under the pre-emption or homestead laws. A cabin, stable, and corral are built from timber which can generally be found in the low mountain ranges which are scattered over Montana. Very often choice locations can be found which are already squatted upon, and these improvements already constructed, where the squatter, either for lack of money or ability, will part with them for a comparative trifle. The location selected, the next step is to buy a bunch of mares—say one hundred head. The intending purchaser, if he is prudent, will look about him very carefully before purchasing. He may have to go to the extreme western part of Montana, or even into Oregon, before he can make a satisfactory purchase. The ranges are overcrowded near the Pacific coast, consequently the price of stock animals is lower than in a territory where there is still room for many thousand head.

If possible, it is well to buy a ranch with a band of horses that have been accustomed to run near it, or are, as the saying is, "broken to the range." Such an outfit as this will cause their owner very little trouble, as they will stay in the neighborhood without herding. If such a band cannot be found, however, at satisfactory prices, the horses are purchased elsewhere and driven to the ranch, and there turned loose to hunt their own feeding-ground. In this case a constant watch is necessary for several months after their arrival, in order to keep the stock from straying. Their inclinations are always to return to the place from whence they came, and they have been known to travel several hundred miles with this object in view. In a few weeks, however, they will learn their new range and remain contentedly upon it; an occasional ride around the limits of the country over which the owner wishes them to feed, and driving toward the ranch those that are too far away, being all that is necessary to keep them within bounds of say perhaps six or seven miles from the ranch. In no portion of eastern Montana do range horses require prepared feed during the winter. They find plenty to keep in good condition upon the ridges which the wind blows bare of snow, and on the broad stretches of prairie which are divested of this mantle by the warm "chinook" winds. None will have to be fed with hay but the saddle-horses one may wish to ride during the winter, and the stallions which have to be stabled. In the spring of 1887, when the bones of entire herds of cattle were bleaching in the prairie winds, and some of the sheep-men were bemoaning the loss of whole bands of sheep which had been swept away from their shelter by the driving storms, the reports from all parts of the ranges show that the horses on the whole were actually fat, and that the loss had been merely nominal.

If a foot of snow falls on the prairie during one storm and no wind comes to blow the ground bare in places, sheep and cattle are at a loss for feed. Such a snowfall rarely occurs, but when it does horses will go to work with a vim, pawing the snow with their front feet until the grass comes in sight; thus in the course of a day they fill themselves, and necessarily exercising, keep their blood in good circulation. A tract of snow-covered ground where a band of horses has been feeding looks as though it had been thoroughly stirred up with shovels and the snow piled in heaps. When there is any grass at all, horses will get it, as they nip very close to the ground.

Having chosen his location and purchased his band of mares, early in the spring the horse-owner will either bring from the East, or purchase from some of the numerous fine stock farms in the older settled portions of the Territory, two or three stallions, Norman, Clyde, Cleveland Bay, or whatever breed his taste, the kind of mares he has, and the stock he wishes to raise may indicate as best. The mares are then gathered up into one band and herded together during the breeding season, or they will scatter, forming into several smaller bands of themselves, better to take advantage of the feed and water privileges. At this time they require careful and unremitting attention to secure a full crop of colts the ensuing year.

As soon as the breeding season is over, about the 1st of August, haying commences, and the balance of the summer is occupied with cutting hay, fencing what little agricultural and meadow land the rancher may wish to keep from the predations of range cattle and his own horses.

During the winter, every few days a ride is taken over the range, the condition of the horses noted, and any that from some cause or other may become weak and thin are brought into the ranch and fed a little hay. The colts commence to drop in May, and from that time until the end of the breeding season again is the horse-raiser's most anxious period. His profit lies in the colts, and every one saved means from forty to one hundred dollars when he becomes a three-year-old—depending, of course, upon his appearance, weight, and other saleable qualities. The average crop of colts under good management will be seventy-five per cent. This is a low estimate, and the real average is probably much higher. This routine is repeated three years, every year it being on a larger scale, as the numbers necessarily increase.

The third year, however, a new feature enters into the business. The young horse-colts, or geldings, which were foaled the first year are now three-year-olds, and are ready to be broken to ride or drive. The services of an experienced man should be obtained—one who is sober, of kind, patient disposition, possessing what is known among the ranchmen as "horse-sense," without which he is working in constant antagonism to the animal which he is attempting to subdue.

The old style of breaking horses on the plains as pursued by the cow-boy is rapidly disappearing from the horse ranch, for although it had its advantages where horses were almost valueless, and it was only a question of how little time could be consumed before the horse was fit to ride after the cow herd, it is cruel and barbarous, and a horse broken in that way is either "broken-hearted"—*i.e.*, spiritless—or else, as a rule, he is never free from some of the vicious tricks he learned while trying to throw his skilful rider. If the cow-puncher wants a saddle animal, the band is driven into the corral, the horse selected, cut out into another smaller corral, so as to be separate from the others. A running-noose is then pitched over his head, two turns taken around a post which is planted in some convenient place in the corral, and the animal "snubbed" up until by his struggles the noose is drawn taut enough to shut the wind off, when, with a shriek of fear and agony, he falls to the ground.

One of the men who were waiting this result immediately jumps upon the animal's neck, and taking hold of the nose, twists the horse's head so that his struggles to arise are ineffectual. Another rope is adjusted about the hind legs, and he is thus held in a perfectly helpless position. The saddle is then put on the horse's back, he lying on his left side, and he is then rolled over, the sinches, or girths, buckled up as tight as possible, a Spanish hackamore, or halter, arranged with a running-noose just above the nostrils, and a leather band placed over his eyes, completely blinding him. Attached to the slip-noose, or hackamore, on the head is a long rope, which the operator holds coiled in his left hand, and then gives the order to the men who have been helping him to let go. A general scramble then ensues to get out of the way. The horse, finding his legs free, after a few seconds' hesitation gets up on his feet; but the blind being over his eyes, he will not move, standing with every muscle tense and water running from every pore. He is finally dragged and prodded out of the corral onto the open prairie, resisting all the time by a vigorous use of his heels and hanging back on the rope, but with no avail. On being persuaded out onto open ground, all but the bronco-buster, as the horse-breaker is called, step back. Two or three perhaps mount their horses to "herd" the "bronco" or wild horse away from the corral fence or any dangerous banks or streams there may be near at hand, as the rider will have no control over his steed.

Gathering the rope in his hand, the buster, in his leather "chaperajos," or leggings, his broad sombrero held on by a leather string, and the long chains dangling from his jingling spurs, prepares to mount. Taking hold of the halter just above the noose with his left hand, and gripping the high horn of the stock saddle with his right, after a few nervous jumps on the part of the terrified horse, the rider places his left foot in the stirrup, and with a movement quick as a flash throws his right leg over the saddle, puts his foot in the stirrup, and lets himself gently down into his seat. The horse crouches as for a spring, but as he is blindfolded he is fearful of the result, and remains stationary. After firmly seating himself in the saddle, and glancing at his ropes and toggery to see that everything is all right, he leans forward, and with a quick movement pulls the blind up from over the horse's eyes. This is the critical moment, and the proceedings are watched with breathless interest by the on-lookers. Almost always, after a few seconds' hesitation, with a terrific bound into the air, the horse commences a series of movements known as "bucking." The back is bowed, head down between the fore legs, the jumps three or four feet high and accompanied by a retrograde motion, his feet striking the ground every time back of where they struck the time before.

It can be easily imagined that only the most experienced riders can keep the saddle under these circumstances; and only such should attempt to break a horse, as, if the horse finds he can throw his rider, he is much worse the second time. In exceptional cases the horse, instead of bucking, will break into a run, and when under strong headway throw himself into the air, striking the ground on his back; but instead of crushing his rider underneath him, as the intention is to do, he finds his master calmly standing by his head, rope in hand, waiting for his steed to get up and try it again. This is repeated until the animal is worn out, resigns himself to his fate, is ridden into camp, and turned loose in the herd. This is repeated for several days until he is called a "broke" horse, though a tenderfoot might think him a long way from being gentle. A very curious feature of this style of horse-breaking is the noise which is made by the animal while being ridden. It is technically known as "bawling," is caused by a mixture of fear and rage, and is a shriek which will startle every living thing that hears it. This method of horse-breaking is not calculated to make horses suitable for our Eastern markets, or in fact for any market. The methods of the scientific horse-breaker are taking the place of this now. Colts are carefully halter-broken when yearlings, and handled for days when they become three-year-olds before the saddle or harness is placed upon their backs.

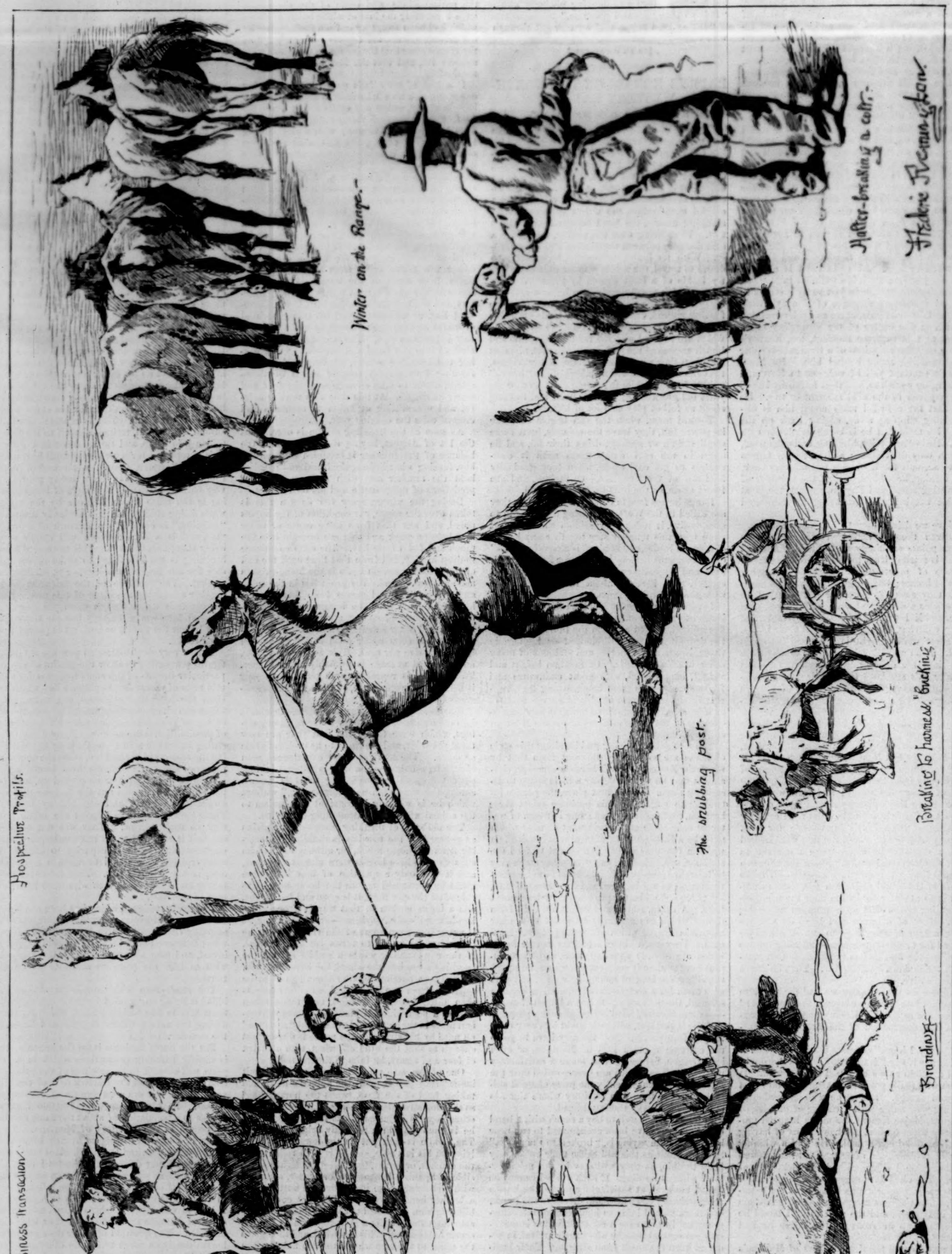
It is a very easy matter to prepare a table of figures purporting to show the profits of any one particular branch of the stock business for a certain term of years; but to prepare one which will show the incidental expenses, the unlooked-for losses caused by straying, unusual storms, thieves, or any of the events which are within the range of possibilities, is impossible. Many a capitalist, sitting in his office in New York or Boston during the seasons of '82 and '83, when the enormous profits of the cattle business were forced before his notice in every paper he picked up, took paper and pencil, figured out the fortune that was awaiting his grasp, and straightway invested. These men to-day have learned the cattle business to their sorrow. They did not seem to see that it required really more enterprise, thoroughness, and business capacity to succeed in stock-raising than it did to make a successful merchant in a large city. They intrusted their money and interests to men who were total failures in the East.

The cattle business, which has been conducted on the same principles, is on the decline, notwithstanding the statements to the contrary of men who are interested in inducing Eastern capital to invest, and men who have already invested who wish to bull the price of stock cattle on the range.

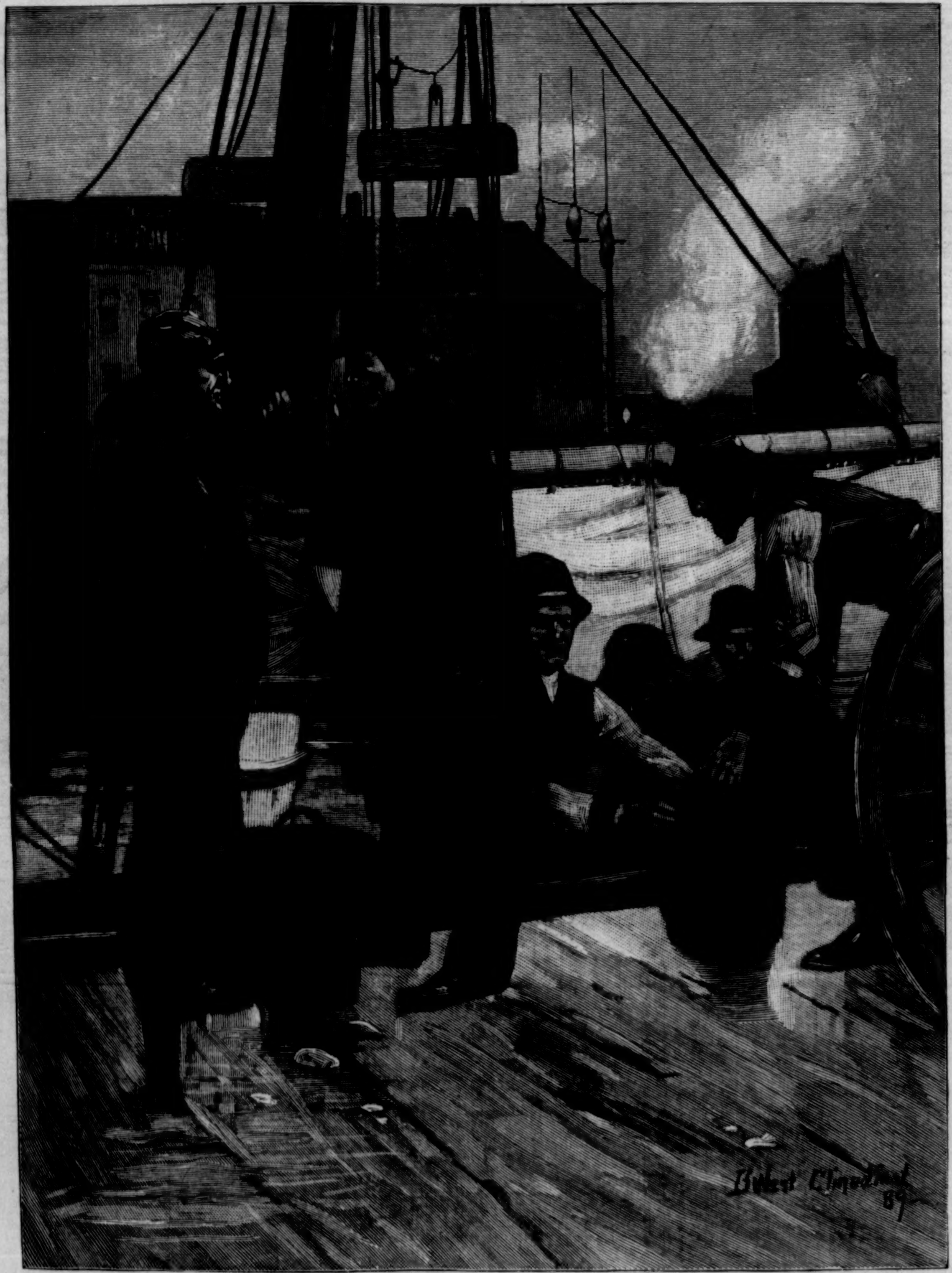
The stock-man with "cattle on a thousand hills" is being superseded by the ranchman with from fifty to five hundred head, which he feeds during the severe winter months and herds in the summer.

But the horse business is on the increase, and is rapidly reaching proportions which in a few years will cause it to become one of the principal sources from which the country east of the Missouri River will draw its supply of all-purpose horses. In 1887 there were 150,000 head of horses to a population of about the same number of people in the Territory of Montana. Train loads of horses are being constantly brought in from Washington and Oregon, besides many hundred head being driven over the trail from the same places, as well as from Nevada and Utah.

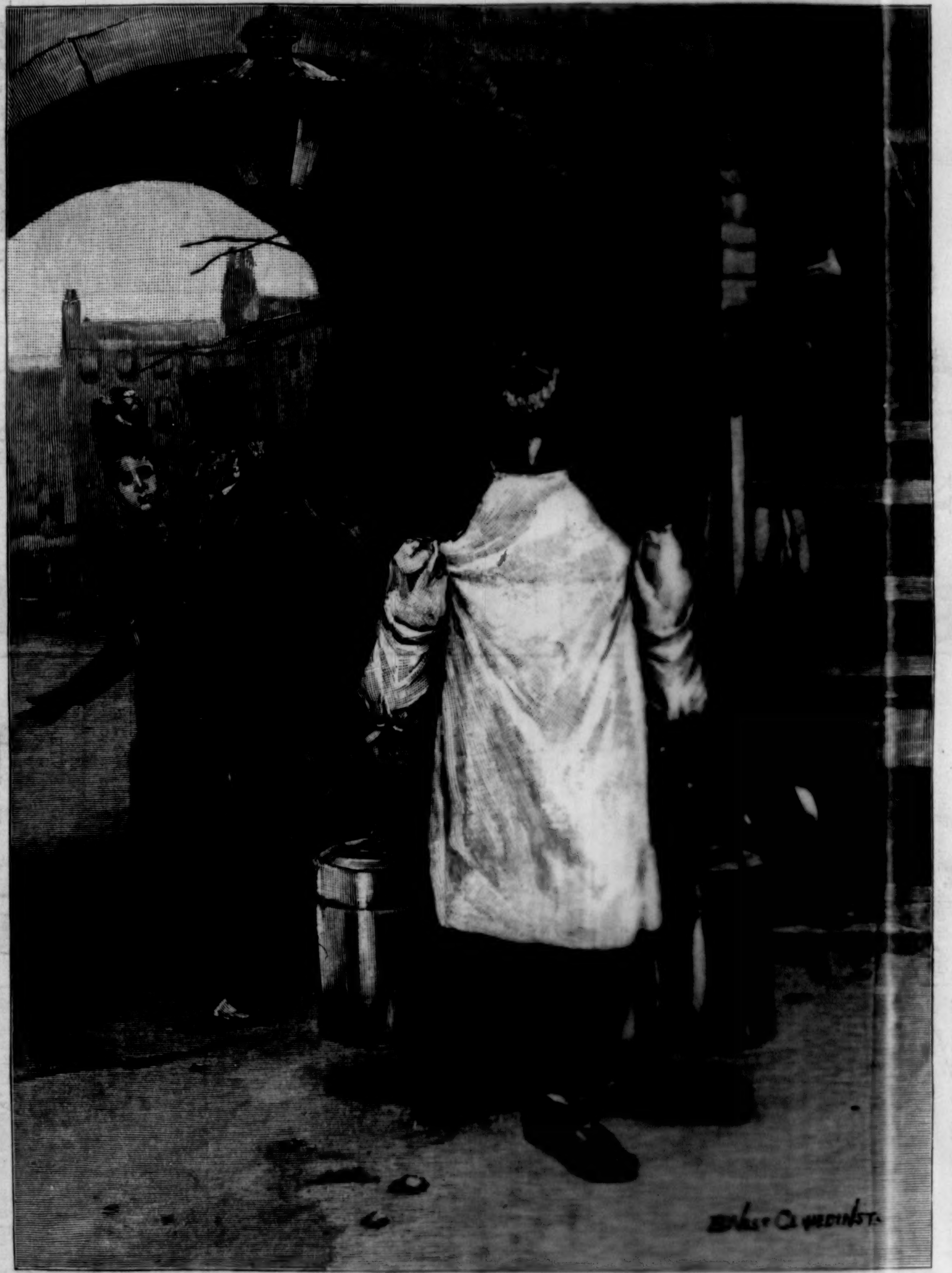
Fully half of the 145,310 square miles of land in Montana is grazing-land; fully one-quarter of it is land which the ranchers cannot use on account of distance from bottom-land or from lack of water. The question of water does not affect horses nearly as much as it does other stock, as they will go many miles from water to feed, returning during the summer about once a day, during the winter sometimes not for weeks, eating snow, which seems to satisfy their thirst. It can be easily seen that the limits of this industry will not, even with a boom similar to that which struck the cattle business several years ago, be reached for many years to come, and that in the development of this industry lies the solution of the problem as to the outcome of the range stock business in the great Northwest. With these facts before us, is it hard to predict the future of the horse business in the Northwest? Does it not appear from the present outlook that when Montana takes her place in the bright galaxy of the Union, her beautiful and spirited horses will figure, next to the gold and silver, as her greatest source of prosperity?


A business transaction
Prospective Profits.
Winter on the Range.
Branding
The snubbing post.
Breaking to harness "Bucking."
Halter-breaking a colt.
Frederic Remington

HORSE RAISING IN THE NORTHWEST.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 171.]


B. West Clinedinst 89

AN OYSTER SPECULATOR TESTING A CARGO.


B. West Clinedinst.

A SOUTHERN OYSTER PEDDLER.

THE MARYLAND OYSTER BUSINESS.—Drawn by B. West Clinedinst.—[See Page 167.]

RAILROADS AS INVESTMENTS.

Important additions have been made during the last few days to our supply of information as to the management and values of railroad properties. The Atchison, Topeka, and Sante Fe company, which has become the possessor of one of the largest systems of railroads in this country, and indeed of the world, has at last issued a detailed report of its operations for the year 1888, and owing to the solicitude with which its welfare has recently been regarded, the company has at the same time attempted in a statistical way to forecast the results of the present year. Its course in doing so is entirely justifiable. Naturally enough, the report has provoked a good deal of criticism. The stockholders, owing to their serious loss of income and the frightful shrinkage of their principal, are not the most exacting critics, for, judging from the market for the stock, which has been comparatively firm of late, they have in the main determined not to part with their holdings, being satisfied that the most trying part of their experience is over. Providence will determine whether their view is correct, for everything now depends upon the results of this year's agricultural operations in the immense region traversed by the Atchison system. The figures presented by the company indicate that with fairly good business, and with rates maintained as they should be at reasonably remunerative figures, it can easily meet all of its obligations, which are very large by reason of the tremendous expansion of the system and the consequent increase in its capital account. There is this to be said of the Atchison management, that it has not watered the securities it has issued, and despite its misfortunes, no suspicion of dishonesty has been cast upon it. And this is saying a good deal in these days when the personal schemes of railroad managers are being looked into very carefully, and security holders are for obvious reasons inclined to be both hasty and severe in their judgments.

There can be no question but that the Atchison system rather got beyond the control of its managers, owing to its too rapid and to some extent ill-advised expansion. But experienced financiers have now supplied an element that was lacking in its management, and, as before remarked, if Nature favors, its troubles seem to be over. Patience during the period of recuperation will, however, be required, not only in the case of the Atchison, but in the case of nearly every other important railroad in the region between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains. The only criticism of the Atchison report that is worth discussing at this time is that it is not clearly or readily intelligible to the average stockholder. That is a criticism that does not apply with greater force to the report under discussion than to the majority of similar documents. The accounts that railroad managers render of their stewardship to those who employ them may be models of book-keeping, but that very quality frequently impairs their value to those who are unacquainted with the methods and technicalities of railroad accountants. It is well to have all of the details of a company's operations before the public, but a page or two setting forth the actual results in such language and with the fewest figures possible would be of great value to thousands of small investors who are bewildered at the mass of figures and technicalities that, as a rule, comprise the annual railroad report. What is wanted is the truth, and if there is nothing to conceal in the management of a company, let it be presented in the simplest and most straightforward manner possible, not buried under a complication of accounts. No one has yet questioned the accuracy of the statement that figures will not lie, but its value is somewhat impaired by a remark facetiously made in a recent discussion of that proposition, that while it might be true, it is also true that liars will figure—a witticism that is worthy of serious consideration in view of the misinformation that is too frequently conveyed by the adroit book-keeping of railroad managers.

A most gratifying development, and one that has not received the attention it deserves, is the showing of the Chicago and Alton Company for the year 1888. The net result of its operations is not as good as last year, but that was to be expected, and is comparatively unimportant. To resist the force of circumstances is quite as often an element of success as to avail one's self of it, and it is in the first respect that the Alton company is a conspicuous exception among its neighbors and competitors. It has not yielded to the building mania, and its policy has been to maintain rates. At times it has been forced to reduce its rates, but it has not taken the initiative in curtailing its income. Its report shows that good behavior is profitable, and that conservatism in management pays better than ill-considered enterprise, for no other railroad company in the West can make as satisfactory a showing as the Alton. Another feature of the policy of this company commands approval. It has told its stockholders what has been done for them during the year 1888, at the same time that it presents for their approval proxies to continue the present management. This action is in marked contrast with that of the Illinois Central, the Missouri Pacific, and the Texas Pacific companies, all of which are soliciting proxies to retain the present managers without furnishing the stockholders any account of their stewardship. This is the more to deplored as none of these concerns appears before the public just now in an enviable light.

The week closes with the managers of the roads west of Chicago still trying to perfect an organization for their common protection, with the Northern and Union Pacific alliance finally completed, and the general state of trade and of the money markets fairly satisfactory.

C. A.

New York, *Saturday, February* 23, 1889.

"THE BEST-LAID PLANS OF MICE AND MEN Gang aft aglee." Not so Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It goes right to the spot it is designed to beneficially affect, and there is no tardiness in its action. But while it relieves constipation in common with dyspepsia and liver complaint—associate evils—the griping and abdominal disturbance produced by drastic purgatives never precede its operation. Its thoroughness is unmarred by violence, the chief characteristic of most laxatives and one that is highly prejudicial to both bowels and stomach. It is only by invigorating the intestinal canal, and thus fitting it to perform its office as a natural sluice for the effete matter of the system, that its regularity can be perpetuated. To weaken by drenching is to insure its relapse into disorder. This the Bitters never does. Chills and fever, nervousness, kidney complaints yield to the Bitters, and appetite and sleep are improved by it.—[*Adv.*]

IN 1850

"*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" were introduced, and from that time their success as a cure for Colds, Coughs, Hoarseness, Asthma, and Bronchitis has been unparalleled. *Sold only in boxes.*—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
The Great Pain Reliever,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

C. C. Shayne, manufacturer of Seal-skin Garments, newest styles, and all leading fashionable furs, 103 Prince Street, New York. Fashion-book mailed free. Send your address.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

Burnett's Cocoaine allays irritation, removes dandruff, and invigorates the action of the capillaries in the highest degree.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

All danger of drinking impure water is avoided by adding 20 drops of Angostura Bitters.—[*Adv.*]

The Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

The superiority of Burnett's Flavoring Extracts consists in their perfect purity and great strength.—[*Ad.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa*, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup*. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

ACHING Sides AND Back

Aching Sides and Back, Hip, Kidney, and Uterine Pain, Rheumatic, Sciatic, Sharp, and Weakening Pains, relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster The first and only instantaneous pain-killing strengthening plaster, 25 cts.; 5 for $1. At druggists, or of Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston.

MOUNTAINS OF BAGGAGE.

Millions of Dollars' Worth Handled by the Pennsylvania Railroad.

No stronger illustration of the enormous growth of the passenger traffic of the Pennsylvania Railroad system can be found than that afforded by the great increase in the amount of baggage passing through the hands of the General Baggage Agent. In the Centennial year the number of pieces handled amounted to 1,600,000, which was the highest point reached up to that time, and was then considered a remarkable record for the year. These figures, however, dwindle into insignificance when compared with those of the year just closed. In 1888 the number of separate pieces handled reached 3,200,000, representing an aggregate money value of at least three hundred millions of dollars. These figures include only "outbound" baggage, or that which has been checked and forwarded. The inbound receipts amount to about 1,800,000 pieces, aggregating a grand total of 5,000,000 pieces handled. Of this number only three pieces were lost *en route* from starting-point to destination.

In view of the fact that the conditions surrounding the handling of baggage do not always admit of deliberate preparations, but that haste, expedition, and promptness in forwarding are the chief elements in what may now be termed the science of the baggage business, this showing of the Pennsylvania Railroad is phenomenal. Although the system employed by that corporation is well-nigh perfect, the successful working of it is due in great measure to the unceasing care and the tireless watchfulness of its employés. They are a well-trained and admirably-organized body of men, who look with pride upon the record of their year's achievement.

The Kodak.

Price, $25.00.

ANYBODY can use the Kodak. The operation of making a picture consists simply of pressing a button. One Hundred instantaneous pictures are made without reloading. No dark room or chemicals are necessary. A division of labor is offered, whereby all the work of finishing the pictures is done at the factory, where the camera can be sent to be reloaded. The operator need not learn anything about photography. He can "*press the button*"—*we do the rest.*

Send for copy of Kodak Primer, with sample photograph.

The Eastman Dry Plate and Film Co.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Darlington, Runk & Co.

Spring Novelties in
ENGLISH, SCOTCH,
AND
FRENCH DRESS FABRICS.
FANCY FLANNELS
FOR SEASIDE AND LAWN-TENNIS COSTUMES.
THE CAMARGO CORSET.
Faultless in shape. Perfection in finish. Highest in Quality.
1126 & 1128 Chestnut St.
Philadelphia

BROWN BROTHERS & CO.,
59 WALL STREET, N. Y.
Bills of Exchange, Commercial and Travellers' Credits available in any part of the world.
Collection in all foreign countries.

☞ Over 6,000,000 people believe that it pays best to buy Seeds of the largest and most reliable house, and they use

Ferry's Seeds

D. M. FERRY & CO. are acknowledged to be the *Largest Seedsmen* in the world.

D. M. Ferry & Co's Illustrated, Descriptive and Priced SEED ANNUAL For 1889 Will be mailed FREE to all applicants, and to last year's customers without ordering it. *Invaluable to all.* Every person using Garden, Field or Flower Seeds should send for it. Address

Earliest Cauliflower in existence.

D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

A SUPERB PHOTO-GRAVURE PORTRAIT of MR. BENN PITMAN given to every subscriber to the PHONOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE for 1889. Specimen Copy of Magazine sent FREE. $1.50 a year. Address JEROME B. HOWARD, Cincinnati, Ohio.

ADVERTISING SOLICITOR wanted for a first-class Metropolitan Publication of large circulation. Must have experience and a good record. Address, with particulars, L. P., Box 1334, N. Y. City.

GOLD. You can live at home and make more money at work for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex; all ages. Costly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, True & Co., Augusta, Maine.

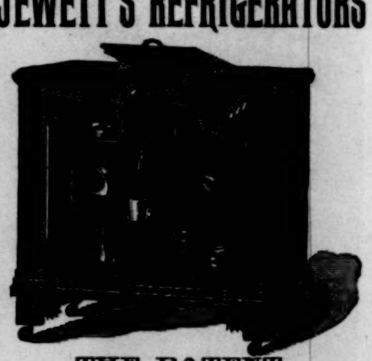
Arnold Constable & Co

EVENING DRESS FABRICS,
New Tissues Received This Week.

EMBROIDERED & LACE WORK.
Grenadines, Gazes,
and
China Crepes,
NEW AND STYLISH COLORS,
Brocaded and Metal Effects.

Broadway & 19th st.

JEWETT'S REFRIGERATORS



THE PATENT
LABRADOR.
Send for Book of Information.
THE JOHN C. JEWETT MFG. CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

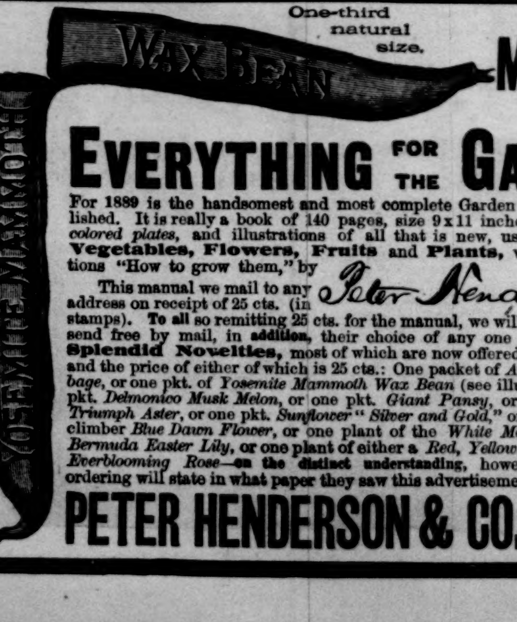
BARRY'S ESTABLISHED 1801 Tricopherous FOR THE HAIR

The Oldest and the Best.

Prevents the hair from falling off, eradicates scurf, dandruff, &c. Keeps it in the most beautiful condition, and is warranted to cause new hair to grow on bald places.

BARCLAY & CO., 44 Stone St., N. Y. City.

"HOME EXERCISER" *for Brain Workers and Sedentary People;* Gentlemen, Ladies, and Youths; the Athlete or Invalid. A complete gymnasium. Takes up but 6 inches square floor-room; something new, scientific, durable, comprehensive, cheap. Send for circular. "Schools for Physical and Vocal Culture," 16 East 14th Street and 713 5th Ave., N. Y. City. Prof D. L. Dowd. Wm. Blaikie, author of "How to get Strong," says of it: I never saw any other that I liked half as well."



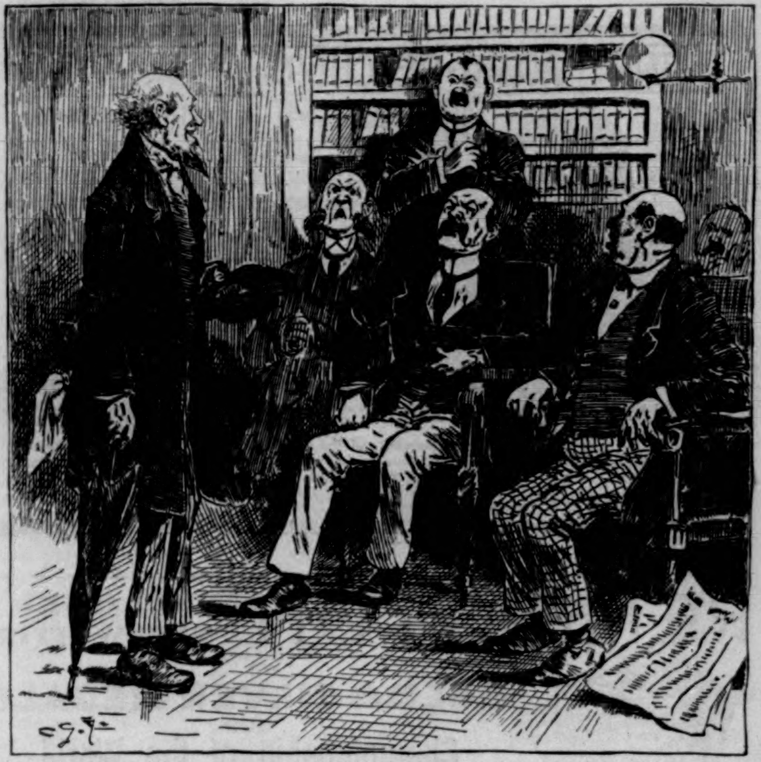
One-third natural size.

OUR MANUAL OF EVERYTHING FOR THE GARDEN

For 1889 is the handsomest and most complete Garden Guide ever published. It is really a book of 140 pages, size 9 x 11 inches, contains *three colored plates*, and illustrations of all that is new, useful and rare in Vegetables, Flowers, Fruits and Plants, with plain directions "How to grow them," by Peter Henderson

This manual we mail to any address on receipt of 25 cts. (in stamps). To all so remitting 25 cts. for the manual, we will at the same time send free by mail, in addition, their choice of any one of the following Splendid Novelties, most of which are now offered for the first time, and the price of either of which is 25 cts.: One packet of *Autumn King Cabbage*, or one pkt. of *Yosemite Mammoth Wax Bean* (see illustration), or one pkt. *Delmonico Musk Melon*, or one pkt. *Giant Pansy*, or one pkt. *Scarlet Triumph Aster*, or one pkt. *Sunflower "Silver and Gold,"* or one plant of the climber *Blue Dawn Flower*, or one plant of the *White Moonflower*, or one *Bermuda Easter Lily*, or one plant of either a *Red, Yellow, White, or Pink Everblooming Rose*—on the distinct understanding, however, that those ordering will state in what paper they saw this advertisement.

PETER HENDERSON & CO. 35 Cortlandt St., NEW YORK.



AN INDUCEMENT.

CHAIRMAN. "Now then, Mr. Smithkins, be so kind as to state what inducement was offered you to testify before this committee."

SMITHKINS. "Well, gents, they tole me you'd as likes as not whitewash everything all over afore you got through, an' as my wife says our hen-house needs it pretty bad, I thought that by chippin' in a word or two I might get it done for nothin'."

RHEUMATISM CURED.

Robert G. Eldert, Valley Stream, N. Y., writes:

"I am a boatman, and upward of sixty years of age. I have suffered severely from rheumatism of the lower part of my back. My back ached without cessation, and at times I thought I would be paralyzed. I procured two ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS and put them across the lower part of my spine. In twenty-four hours all pain had ceased. At the end of a week I put on two fresh ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS, wore them ten days, then took them off, and washed my back with a little alcohol, which removed every trace of the plasters. It is now three months since the plasters cured me, and I feel very much stronger and better than ever before."

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for **Allcock's,** and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

$210 **Genuine Confederate Money**, with lists of prices we pay for rare U. S. coins; also list of our prices for curiosities, coins, Indian Relics, all for 25c., post-paid. **R. W. Mercer, 147 Cent. Av. Cincinnati, O.**

How to Cure Skin & Scalp DISEASES »with the« CUTICURA REMEDIES.

THE MOST DISTRESSING FORMS OF SKIN and scalp diseases, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, are speedily, economically, and permanently cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, when all other remedies and methods fail.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

☞ Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP. ☜

Relief in one minute, for all pains and weaknesses, in CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster. 25c.

"BOKER'S BITTERS," THE OLDest and Best Stomach Bitters known—unequalled for their medicinal properties, and for their fineness as a cordial. To be had in Quarts and Pints. **L. FUNKE, Jr.,** Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor, **78 John St., N. Y. P. O. Box 1029.**

$5 to $8 a day. Samples worth $1.50, **FREE.** Lines not under the horses' feet. Write BREWSTER'S SAFETY REIN HOLDER Co., **Holly, Mich.**

SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES

PREPARED FROM THE

Sanative Salts of the highly renowned Springs of the German Health Resort, SODEN in the TAUNUS, under the supervision and control of W. Stoeltzing, M.D., Member of the Royal Board of Health.

TRADE-MARK.

They are to be used with great benefit in all **Chronic Catarrhs of the Throat, Larynx, and Lungs.**

By their action the **mucus is dissolved,** quiet and ease obtained; owing to their rare advantages they alleviate an often very trying **cough** and then bring about the longed-for recovery. Their influence has been exceedingly beneficial in cases of

the different **CATARRHS OF CONSUMPTIVES,**
the Chronic Catarrhs of the **STOMACH** and **INTESTINES,**
Constipation, Hemorrhoids, Enlargement of the Liver,
and other Abdominal Complaints

requiring a mild, laxative, and stimulating treatment.

DIPHTHERIA can be prevented by the use of **SODEN MINERAL LOZENGES,** as it has been demonstrated that the spores of the disease settle only in throats affected by Catarrh; and the tormenting **WHOOPING COUGH** is changed to its mildest form.

Singers, Speakers, Preachers, Lawyers, Teachers, and all whose vocations require continued use of the voice will experience gratifying relief by using these Pastilles.

The most renowned Medical Authorities recommend and prescribe them.

At the International Exhibition at Brussels the* SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES *were awarded THE HIGHEST DISTINCTION, SILVER MEDAL, by a jury of medical men.

For sale by all Druggists at 50 cents a box.
Sole Agency for the United States,
Soden Mineral Springs Company, Limited, 15 Cedar Street, New York.

FORTY-FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT

—OF THE—

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE CO.

Office: Nos. 346 & 348 Broadway, New York.

JANUARY 1, 1889.

Amount of Net Assets, January 1, 1888 .... **$79,912,317.17**

REVENUE ACCOUNT.

Premiums	$22,301,931.11		
Less deferred premiums, January 1, 1888	1,174,340.36—	$21,127,590.75	
Interest and rents, etc	4,762,169.67		
Less interest accrued, January 1, 1888	488,477.59—	4,273,692.08—	$25,401,282.83
			$105,313,600.00

DISBURSEMENT ACCOUNT.

Losses by death, and Endowments matured and discounted (including reversionary additions to same)		$5,425,926.78	
Dividends (including mortuary dividends), annuities, and purchased insurances		5,547,143.27	
Total Paid Policy-holders	$10,973,070.05		
Taxes and re-insurances		303,062.84	
Commissions (including advanced and commuted commissions), brokerages, agency expenses, physicians' fees, etc		3,558,440.80	
Office and law expenses, salaries, advertising, printing, etc		654,690.12—	$15,489,263.81
			$89,824,336.19

ASSETS.

Cash on deposit, on hand, and in transit	$3,695,836.94	
United States Bonds and other bonds and stocks (market value, $58,222,751.94)	54,566,901.58	
Real Estate	9,306,152.08	
Bonds and Mortgages, first lien on real estate (buildings thereon insured for $13,800,000 and the policies assigned to the Company as additional collateral security)	16,966,932.50	
Temporary Loans (market value of securities held as collateral, $2,144,370)	1,676,250.00	
*Loans on existing policies (the Reserve on these policies, included in Liabilities, amounts to over $2,000,000)	378,874.10	
*Quarterly and semi-annual premiums on existing policies, due subsequent to January 1, 1889	1,435,734.86	
*Premiums on existing policies in course of transmission and collection. (The Reserve on these policies, included in Liabilities, is estimated at $1,500,000)	1,045,089.46	
Agents' balances	298,959.43	
Accrued Interest on investments, January 1, 1889	451,605.24—	$89,824,336.19
Market value of securities over cost value on Company's books		**3,655,850.36**

*A detailed schedule of these items will accompany the usual annual report filed with the Insurance Department of the State of New York.

TOTAL ASSETS, January 1, 1889, - - - - - - **$93,480,186.55**

Appropriated as follows:

Approved losses in course of payment		$555,555.62	
Reported losses awaiting proof, etc		302,964.77	
Matured endowments, due and unpaid (claims not presented)		56,511.88	
Annuities due and unpaid (claims not presented)		26,865.69	
Reserved for re-insurance on existing policies; at the Actuaries' table 4 per cent. interest		78,985,757.00	
Reserved for contingent liabilities to Tontine Dividend Fund, January 1, 1888, over and above a 4 per cent. Reserve on existing policies of that class	$5,315,720.83		
Addition to the Fund during 1888	2,043,665.84		
DEDUCT—	$7,359,386.67		
Returned to Tontine policy-holders during the year on matured Tontines	935,609.54		
Balance of Tontine Fund January 1, 1889		$6,423,777.13	
Reserved for premiums paid in advance		46,504.21	
			$86,397,936.30
Divisible Surplus (Company's new Standard)			**$7,082,250.25**
			$93,480,186.55
Surplus by the New York State Standard (including the Tontine Fund)			**$13,500,000.00**

From the undivided surplus, as above, the Board of Trustees have declared a Reversionary dividend to participating policies in proportion to their contribution to surplus, available on settlement of next annual premium.

RETURNS TO POLICY-HOLDERS.		INSURANCE IN FORCE.		ASSETS.		NEW POLICIES ISSUED.	
1886	$7,627,230.	Jan. 1, 1887	$304,373,540.	Jan. 1, 1887	$75,421,453.	1886	22,027.
1887	9,535,210.	Jan. 1, 1888	358,935,536.	Jan. 1, 1888	83,079,845.	1887	28,522.
1888	10,973,070.	Jan. 1. 1889	419,886,505.	Jan. 1, 1889	93,480,186.	1888	33,334.

Number of policies issued during the year, 33,334. Risks assumed, $125,019,731.
Total number of policies in force January 1, 1889, 129,911. Amount at risk, $419,886,505.

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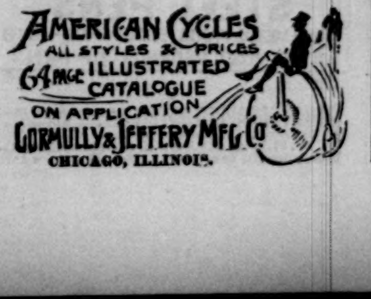

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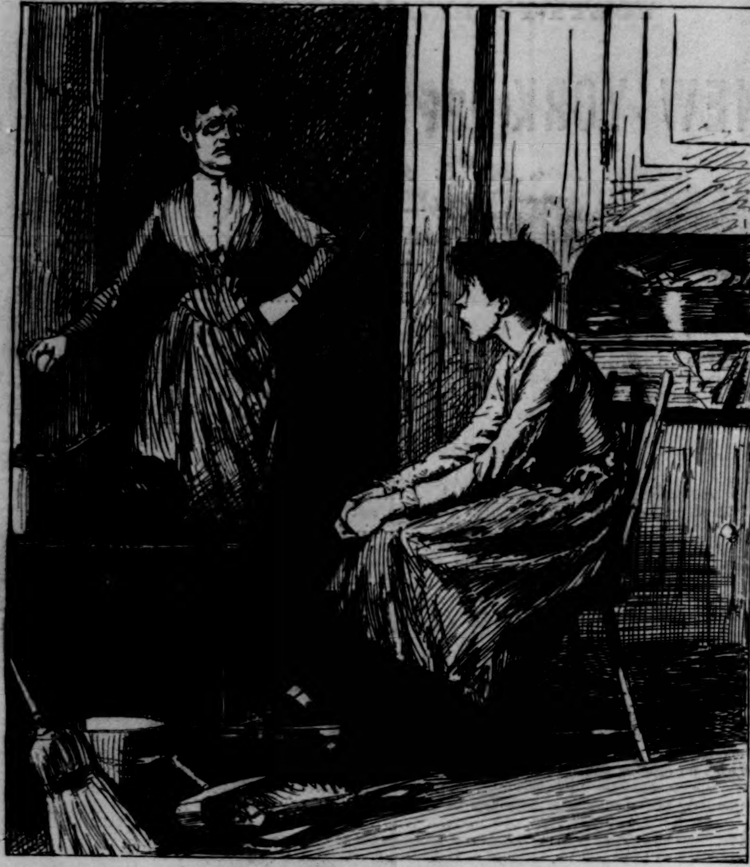

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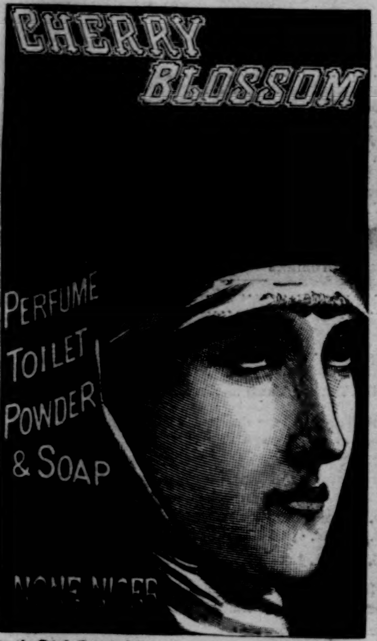

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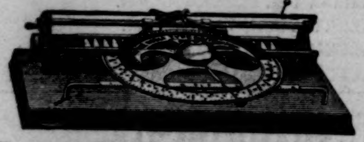

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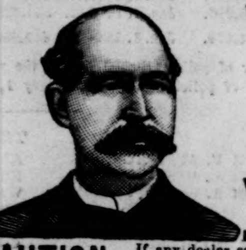

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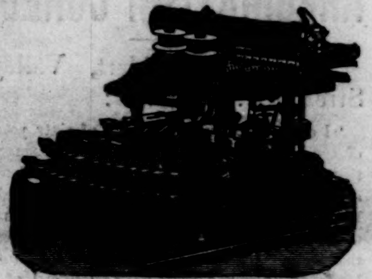

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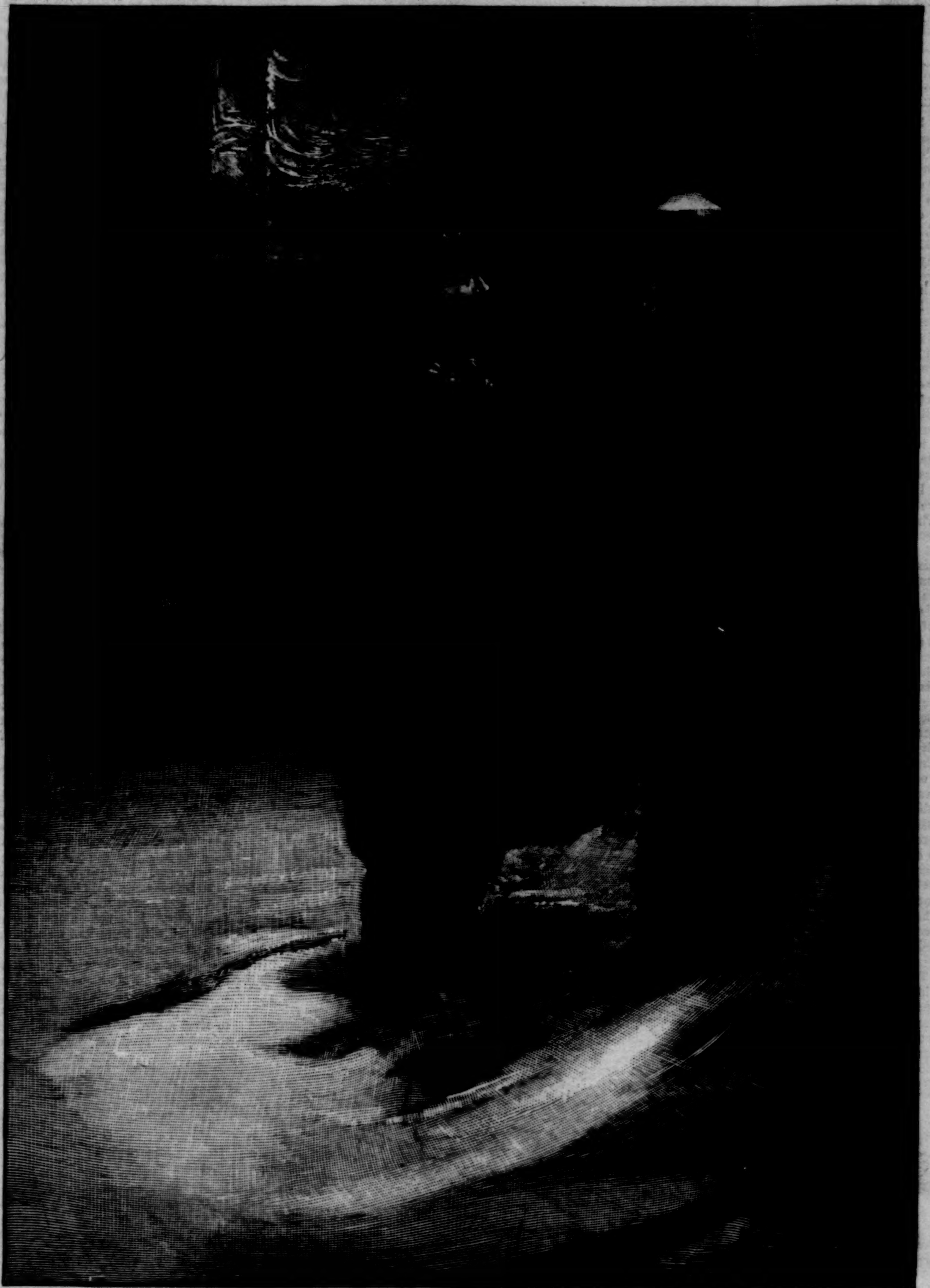
FIRE INSURANCE AND LIFE-SAVING.

A SENTENCE bristling with figures tells the story of a fire, as far as it interests those who care for effects indifferent to causes. Here is the epitome of a single conflagration: "Insurance, $2,109,110 59. Loss, $1,080,956 90. Loss over insurance, $258,847 22." The addition of the last rows of figures shows the total loss, $1,339,804 12. The expert in insurance goes further. He studies differences in the character of the property destroyed. The buildings were insured for $780,427 09. The amount owners of structures could claim was $256,639 10. Out of their own pockets, if they wished to rebuild, they would have to disburse $50,727 41. Merchants, manufacturers, tenants suffered more than landlords, for their losses over insurances would foot up $208,119 81. Four-fifths of the ruin fell on the merchants, manufacturers, and tenants. Whose fault was it? That is a question never to be solved. When presidents of insurance companies scrutinized the losses on merchandise of this fire they looked grave, for in almost all cases the entire amounts they had underwritten they had to pay.



THE ALARM.—Drawn by E. W. Kemble.

By nature and training heads of insurance offices should be pessimists, always prepared for the worst. It is their business to provide for losses caused by fires, so the fire does not bother them to any extent. There are offices in New York where, if the losses within the twenty-four hours of any one day in the year do not exceed $5000, the presidents go home in the most cheerful frame of mind, congratulating themselves on an unprecedented exemption from fires.

One hundred and seventy-seven companies paid for the losses at the fire already mentioned. There were fifty-five in New York and Brooklyn, three in other parts of New York State, twenty-two in Philadelphia, seventy-nine in other States, one in Canada, fifteen in England, two in Germany. After New York it was London and Liverpool that made up the larger contributions.

After all, the one great saving clause of insurance is its universality. For want of a better definition, civilized man may be said to be an insuring animal. The fire which burnt down the shop in Helena, Montana, yesterday will be rebuilt with money coming from other insurers who have been more fortunate in New York, London, and Bremen. The special function of an insurance company is to care for, to nurse and husband mutual savings, and, above all, to distribute the risks. The unsafest thing to do is to put all your eggs in one basket. Scatter them, never carelessly, in various receptacles, and then the chances of smashing all your eggs are lessened. Following more closely than does any other economic subject the principles of supply and demand, about the most foolish thing is that legislative action which tries to hamper the natural laws of insurance.

To gauge the value of such a total as $11,352,577,385 is to tax human capacity. It represents a sum which stood for the risks written by insurance companies for property in the year 1887 in the United States. In 1887 the premiums received by our insurance companies amounted to $99,069,206. There was paid out for fire losses $59,904,990. Reducing these stupendous sums, we get to understandable facts. For every $100 paid by insurers they had returned them $60 47. Presidents of insurance companies sometimes lose heart when pondering over the enormous amount of property consumed, and ask, "How can we go on when the losses by fire represent one-fifth of our annual growth in material wealth?" The statistics on which their views are based are made up by a class of experts whose proficiency cannot be questioned. They will show you that fires are more frequent, and losses apparently augmenting. But what is burnt up in one place is more than made up by rapid growth in other localities. At every instant of time there are recuperative forces at work which defy measurement. Despite, then, the drawbacks, the United States, with the rest of the world, is growing richer. To save what it has from destruction, it makes more insurances. If there were synchronous conflagrations in several great cities it would be the most disastrous of calamities, for what is lost by fire is absolute economic annihilation; but the worst that could happen would be the exhausting of our savings. After the distribution of our hoardings, those who had any money left would put some of it aside for insurance, anticipating other disasters.

The particular fire which showed a loss of $1,339,804 12 might be designated as a fairly destructive one, but during any day in the twelvemonth, in the large cities of the United States, just such fires are to be expected. Neither through means of better construction nor increasing vigilance can the number of fires be lessened. It could scarcely be otherwise. We prolong the hours of the day, reproducing sunlight and sun-heat. The combustion of carbon represented by the ignition of a lump of coal is the concomitant of civilization. We know of no power that by its decomposition does not engender heat and fire. We always slip back into the destroyer's clutches. We cannot do without inflammable substances. We cannot help spontaneous combustion (which, because we know so little about it, is more frequently put to the fore than it really deserves to be). There is no human skill that will ward off a stroke of lightning or the whirl of a cyclone. In large cities, for necessities of trade, we mass goods. Less than a half-century ago the whole value of merchandise scattered in an entire quarter of Philadelphia was not worth as much money as the stock now piled up in a single building in that city. In New York, bounded within certain defined streets, there is always kept, awaiting purchasers, a quantity of goods worth more money than all the houses, with their furniture, now existing in one of our thriving Territories. In other words, if it happened that every house, with every bed and chair, in that Territory should be reduced to ashes, the market value of the contents of that block of buildings in New York could be offered in exchange, and the Territorial inhabitants would have made a capital bargain.

Theoretically, aside from the visitations of Providence, there ought to be no fires. To attain exemption from accidents is, as one knows, impossible. Social conditions, our interdependence is such that we suffer from the misfortunes as much as from the neglect of others. A careful man builds a house, selects a tenant. The house burns, because a neighbor's rats have nibbled matches. The most prudent house-owner will forget that his structure is subject to wear and tear. The flue perfectly safe in 1879 is dangerous in 1889. The element of crime adds to the number of fires. Whether it has been exaggerated or not cannot be stated. For certain kinds of risks it is pictorially represented. Incendiarism is proportionately shown as a square of $1\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch. Defective flues as a square of $1\frac{7}{16}$ of an inch. Taking the total of carelessness, that covers a great area, for human idiocy has most to do with fires. There is culpability in the employment of cheap, and consequently poor, labor about a building. The risk begins when the structure rises from the ground, and it never ends. The flue-builders have scamped their work, as do office-boys, servants, and janitors. Because a man is indolent, and has not his employer's interests at heart, millions of dollars go up into smoke every day. Few who read this article have not, through their own heedlessness, set fire to things around them. But for accidental discovery, the fire might have resulted in personal or material loss.

Taking the number of fires within the large cities of this country, they are of too great frequency. Differences of conditions consequent on climatic changes might be held responsible for the many fires. It does not follow, however, that the amount of property consumed shows increasing losses. For the sake of a comparison, let us take fires and diseases. Certain maladies are contagious. The character of the plague remains the same, but we do our best to prevent contagion. Fire, like cholera, can be and is isolated. One, two, five, ten houses may burn; but that is not as of old, when there were conflagrations of twenty-five, fifty, and one hundred houses. The loss of a house is like the death of an individual. No human skill may be able to save that one man, or that one house; but the man's neighbor, or the house next door, through our efforts, ought not to perish nor be permitted to burn.

The heads of fire departments look at these important subjects in a common-sense way. Under normal conditions they are not held responsible for the first house on fire, but their accountability, in a measure, begins with the contiguous houses. In New York city the Fire Department tabulates such matters, and the New York Fire Department is selected as representing the type of a carefully organized fire department. There are many such in the various cities. In New York, during the last year (1888), there were 3202 fires. Of these 2877 were confined to the point of starting. In 201 cases the fire was confined to the building. In only forty-eight cases did the fire extend to other buildings. There were 1107 houses nominally damaged; slightly damaged, 1025; considerably damaged, 106; destroyed, 18. In New York the tremendous increase of fires in ratio to population becomes apparent. In 1866, with 64,000 houses, there were 796 fires. In 1888 the increase was 302 per cent. Twenty-two years ago the population was 796,533, to-day it is 1,676,000; while we had one fire to every 967, we have now a fire to every 523 souls. The risk that one house is to burn in every thirty-five is the chance of the New-Yorker in 1888.

In Brooklyn, in 1888, the population being 805,855, houses 95,517, the total of fire alarms was 858. The serious fires were eighty-five. Philadelphia has a million of people, with 185,000 houses. There were 1050 fires. Boston, with 57,077 houses, had 975 fires. Chicago, with 105,590 houses, 1863 fires.

The areas served by fire departments in various cities present no philosophical conclusions, nor does the number of houses. Size, height, position, character of occupants, are the factors which affect fire statistics. Beyond a certain point, it is loss of time to try and formulate any rules which might be useful for the study of fire risks, as far as losses are concerned. As to the character of a risk, that is only a common-sense matter. A series of good months may be followed by a single bad month, and so the average of loss be about the same. How far meteorological conditions are favorable or unfavorable is not easily determined. Let us take the conditions of New York for January, 1889, with the highest mean temperature for some years:

Mean Temperature of New York for January.	Number of Fires in New York for January.	Losses in New York for January.
1886 . . . 35.5°	186	$284,095
1887 . . . 30.1°	187	551,167
1888 . . . 25.9°	194	1,542,991
1889 . . . 36.2°	184	*Not yet made up.*

The supposition would be that because furnaces or other warming appliances were not urged to their utmost capacity there were less fires. We see that for 184 fires in January, 1889, in New York there were ten more in 1888, and in that month there were eleven degrees greater of cold. We must bear in mind, too, that there are more houses in New York city this January than there were in 1888. There certainly was some small decrease of fires. It might be argued, then, that in those latitudes where there was this spell of milder weather there was money saved. Lessened number of fires may then show some proportion to losses, temperatures being considered as a factor; but then, per contra, in certain lines of business it might develop activity and risks which were continuous. A house without an occupant in it may be a dangerous risk; a house with many people in it an equally hazardous one.

For the preparation of an article of this character an endeavor has been made to take nothing for granted. To understand, then, something about property consumed, a number of buildings were visited just after the extinguishing of fires. It may be stated that in a large city any individual who is a fire-marshal has not the opportunity to let the grass grow under his feet. Here are two conditions which show how eccentric are losses. One was a serious fire, with a big blaze. The result was a total loss. The fire had stopped the business in many streets. It was a furniture and wood-working factory. Building and all the tools were burned up. Everything would have to be paid for. The loss would be something like $11,000. The other fire occurred about the same time. It was a fire of not more than fifteen minutes' duration. The premises were occupied by a milliner and mantua-maker. Damage to building insignificant; could be put in order for $800. On the wet carpet in two small rooms there were heaped rows of pitiful-looking mounds; they were the singed and burnt remnants of the many beautiful materials used for ladies' dresses; there were shreds of bodices, scraps of skirts, rags and tags. They represented an actual loss of fully $12,000. It is, then, the quality of the matter burned that makes insurance losses eccentric. A shelving with its boxes of lace in a dry-goods store is worth more than the entire stock of a well-furnished retail grocery store. Insurance companies would underwrite at nominal rates all the pig-iron in the world, but they are called on to protect those whose capital is invested in ostrich feathers. Underwriters must take the fat and the lean, and make their averages as best they can.

We are to believe, then, that although the number of fires does not diminish, the aggregate of loss does not increase with the proportionate augmentation of values. To make this statement clearer we must use a former simile, slightly changing its form. Say that within a former ten years, in a certain civilized section, also defined, 100,000 children were born; of these fifteen per cent. died during the first seven years of scarlet-fever, or other diseases peculiar to childhood. Ten years after, following the laws of population, more than 100,000 children are born under the same conditions. But fifteen per cent. of these children ought not to die, because greater precautions have been taken. There has been just as many if not more children ailing, for the number of them ought to have increased; but the character of the disease has been sooner determined, and there has been more skill in arresting it. There must be, then, an element better organized than in former time which checks destruction by fire. That such does exist is shown by the figures presented. Every day fires are becoming more and more restricted to the place of their origin.

The general characteristics of a thoroughly organized fire department have been frequently given. We have been told of the officers who examine the construction of a building, of those whose duty it is to know what is stored in the structure, and for all these precautions the house is on fire. Are we to moralize on the facts that some time or other every man is to die, every ship to be wrecked, every house to be burned? Physical action is what is called upon, not mental abstraction, when the fire-alarm sounds. At once four things, one crowding on the heels of the other, have to be appreciated: 1st. The whereabouts of one house in a city containing 185,000 of them, as in Philadelphia, must be known; 2d. That information has to be transmitted to the fire department; 3d. The fire department informs one of the many engine, or hook and ladder, or fire patrol companies of the fact; and 4th, the engines go to the conflagration. In many cases there are but two acts. Transmission to an engine company, or hook and ladder company, and away they go. With its own ample plexus of telegraphic communication, almost automatic in its functions, and that perfection of drill, all this has taken less time to actually carry out than has been occupied in writing the last 100 words. "More haste, worse speed" has no relative signification to a fire department. It rather bears in mind SHAKESPEARE—

> "A little fire is quickly trodden out,
> Which being suffered rivers cannot quench."

For a fire department, from chief to horse, the personal equation is reduced to a minimum.

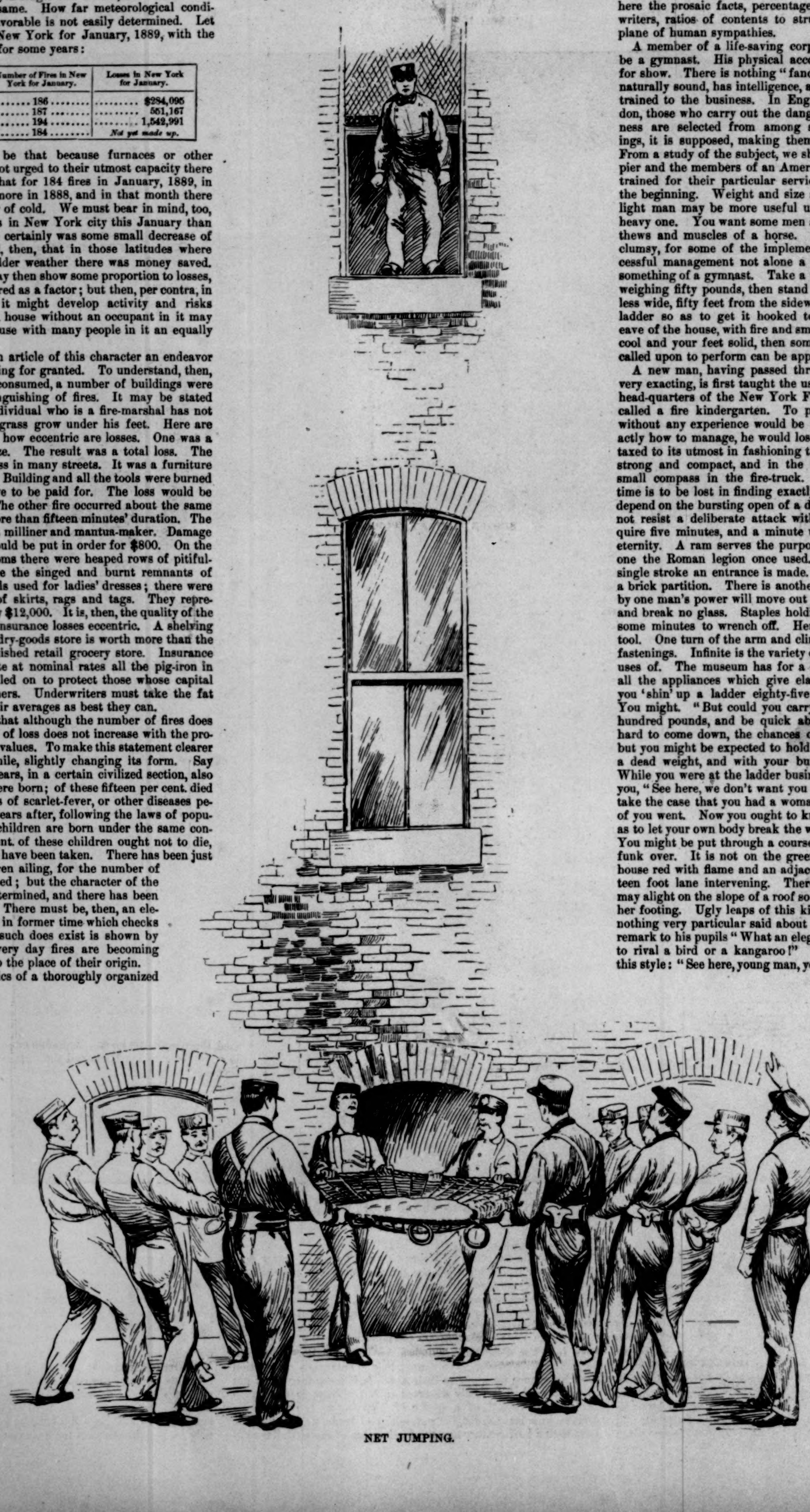
Electricity takes the place of legs, steam that of arms. The time interval between the discovery of a fire and arrival of the firemen has a money valuation. It might be worth a thousand dollars a second. The fraction of a minute saved will rescue a life. Behind electricity and steam there is the man. Certain points in the general fire service of a great city have apparently escaped special appreciation, and such are well worthy of description. When a fire-alarm is sounded, who knows what is its scope or character? Is it to be a sham battle, a skirmish, or a heavy action? an empty cow-shed, a crowded hotel, or a tenement-house? Say it is the latter, and the alarm is given at 11 A.M. Then risks to lives in that tenement might be in diminishing numbers, restricted to the sick, the women and children, the workers being out. If after 10 P.M. the risk of loss of life would be manifestly increased.

The directing of a stream of water, under the most dangerous of circumstances, with the chances of a wall toppling down, calls on the nerve of a man, but this at times will not suffice. Within a fiery furnace it is known that away above in a house there is a man, a woman, a child. Who dare effect a rescue? There is nothing like the call for a forlorn hope. Rarely have orders to be given. Men have rather to be held in the leash. Any number of a fire department will spring forward, if there is but one chance in the thousand for the rescue. And remember that these men appreciate better than any one else what are the chances. Main pluck does much, but personal courage has the immense advantage of knowing just how to attempt what to others would seem foolhardiness. Could a clumsy man, providing he were as brave as PHIL SHERIDAN, keep his footing on the slippery edge of an ice-coated cornice seventy-five feet above the ground? We leave here the prosaic facts, percentages of losses, minutes of underwriters, ratios of contents to structures, and mount the higher plane of human sympathies.

A member of a life-saving corps of any fire department must be a gymnast. His physical accomplishments are not acquired for show. There is nothing "fancy" about him. Providing he is naturally sound, has intelligence, and is eager for work, he can be trained to the business. In England, more particularly in London, those who carry out the dangerous part of a fireman's business are selected from among sailors and riggers, these callings, it is supposed, making them more familiar with climbing. From a study of the subject, we should say that the French Pompier and the members of an American life-saving corps are alone trained for their particular service. With us a man begins at the beginning. Weight and size are not so important, because a light man may be more useful under certain conditions than a heavy one. You want some men as agile as cats, others with the thews and muscles of a horse. Above all a man must not be clumsy, for some of the implements in use want for their successful management not alone a powerful man but one who is something of a gymnast. Take a twenty-foot long scaling-ladder, weighing fifty pounds, then stand on a window-sill six inches or less wide, fifty feet from the sidewalk, and balance and raise that ladder so as to get it hooked to the window-ledge, cornice, or eave of the house, with fire and smoke around you, keep your head cool and your feet solid, then some idea of the duties a man is called upon to perform can be appreciated.

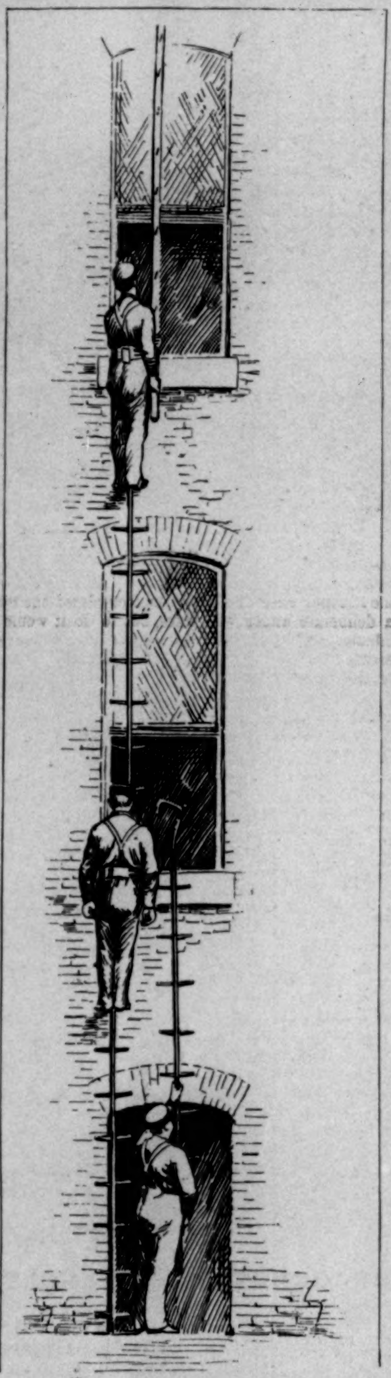
A new man, having passed through physical tests which are very exacting, is first taught the use of his tools. There is at the head-quarters of the New York Fire Department what might be called a fire kindergarten. To put a man to the actual work without any experience would be folly. If he did not know exactly how to manage, he would lose his life. Ingenuity has been taxed to its utmost in fashioning these fire tools, in making them strong and compact, and in the stowing of them away within small compass in the fire-truck. When fire has full sway, no time is to be lost in finding exactly what is wanted. A life may depend on the bursting open of a door. An iron-plated one might not resist a deliberate attack with axes, but to do it would require five minutes, and a minute under certain circumstances is eternity. A ram serves the purpose. It is the miniature of the one the Roman legion once used. Work it properly, and at a single stroke an entrance is made. It will batter its way through a brick partition. There is another tool, a series of levers, which by one man's power will move out of the way a whole shop front, and break no glass. Staples holding heavy padlocks might take some minutes to wrench off. Here is a queer kind of dentist's tool. One turn of the arm and clinched nails are torn from their fastenings. Infinite is the variety of tools the men are taught the uses of. The museum has for a supplement a gymnasium with all the appliances which give elasticity to the muscles. "Can you 'shin' up a ladder eighty-five feet high and make time?" You might. "But could you carry up with you hose weighing a hundred pounds, and be quick about it?" It would not be so hard to come down, the chances of being killed urging you on; but you might be expected to hold in your arms a woman who is a dead weight, and with your burden accomplish your retreat. While you were at the ladder business an instructor would say to you, "See here, we don't want you to break your own neck! But take the case that you had a woman on the ladder, and over both of you went. Now you ought to know how to drop in such a way as to let your own body break the woman's fall." Can you jump? You might be put through a course of jumps the champion might funk over. It is not on the greensward, but a jump between a house red with flame and an adjacent structure, with a ten or fifteen foot lane intervening. There is nobody to save you—you may alight on the slope of a roof so steep that a cat could not keep her footing. Ugly leaps of this kind have often to be taken, and nothing very particular said about them. An instructor does not remark to his pupils "What an elegant thing it is to be graceful—to rival a bird or a kangaroo!" He rather turns his phrase in this style: "See here, young man, you might be cornered some day, so jump the best you know how. Remember, the time may come when a child is in your arms, and then we either want that kid saved or one fireman the less on the pay-roll."

Much has been written in regard to jumping into nets, the *dernier resort* of the firemen. Nets are used as the last final necessity. Men and women do jump, but it seems as if, in their terror, they would prefer death by fire than take the chances of the net. Of course it would be impossible to train people how to jump into a net, but the public ought to know that, no matter how clumsy they may be, the chances of injury are slight. Unless you jump head-foremost, or dive, save a bump or so, the injuries are insignificant. Everything depends on the men who hold the net, and they know how they are to catch the falling body. Through practice these men become

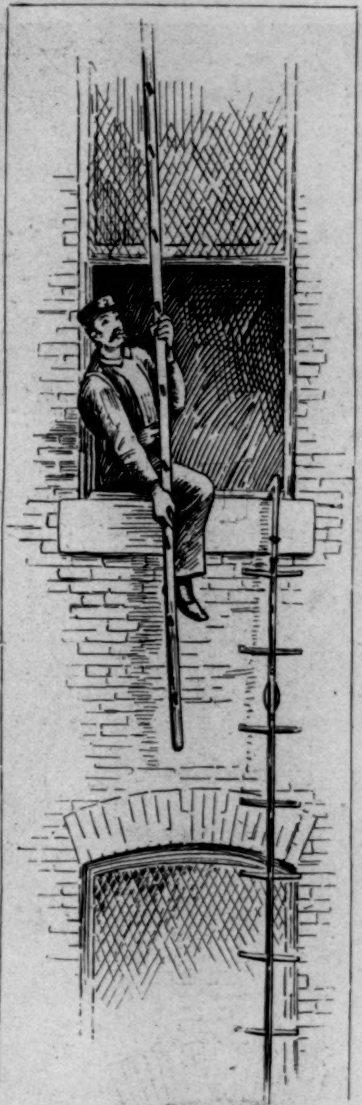


NET JUMPING.

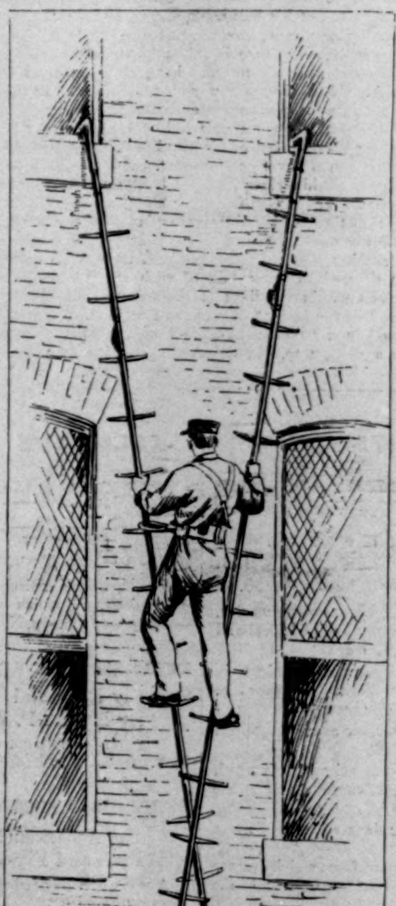
wonderfully proficient. Popular opinion will have it that jumping into a net was taken from circus performances. Such is not the case. The Fire Department owes nothing to the acrobat. Mademoiselle CAOUTCHOU did the business in a very neat and elegant manner, with all the pomp and ceremony fitting the occasion. Her net was nicely stretched; the meshes of it were close together, the twine fine, the area wide, and the net made perfectly elastic. She arranged herself and her drapery before the plunge. She used the utmost deliberation; her practised eye plumbed the exact spot where she intended falling. Take the illustration of the fireman about to make an actual jump of fifty-five feet. He does not jump because he likes to jump, but because he has to. He stands on a narrow window-ledge, with the upper sash just above him. It is necessarily a constrained position. He has had no time to smash the sash. Now try to make a clean, neat jump out of a window under these exact conditions. A man thus hampered might catch, trip, and come down head-foremost. Certain instructors, who think of nothing else than their life-saving duties, having the whole business at their finger-ends, will tell you that Mademoiselle CAOUTCHOU made her jumps in a very elegant manner, but they will inform you that mademoiselle tried a jump—not a very high one—into one of their regulation nets, and that her fair person was considerably scored, and that she evinced no eagerness to keep on jumping, at least in practical fireman's style. The holders of the net have by no means an easy task. The distance of the net from the ground, as it is clutched by the men, is about three feet eight inches. The net must be kept rigid. It is dangerous to have it elastic, for then a man falling in it may carry it down to the ground and be injured. In actual work the men are taught to exert their united strength only at the exact instant when the body strikes the net. The net must not sag. To get precision for this kind of work is everything, and dummies of different weights are used. These are thrown out of windows, or rolled down from the house-top, and the men are not told when it is coming. Like good-ball players, the net-men are expected to catch things on the fly. If the dummy falls in the net and touches the ground they have to do it all over again. Accidents to the men holding the net are not to be overlooked; a man of one hundred and fifty pounds falling seventy-five feet on top of another man holding the net would be likely to kill both of them. At a recent fire a woman was extricated in a most gallant way by a fireman from the upper part of a building. Every escape was cut off, and it was a jump into the net or death. The man might have jumped at once, but the woman was to be saved first. He might have argued with her. Suffice to say she was made to jump first, and maybe compulsion was never more judiciously exerted. She fell comfortably into the net without even a contusion. Then the fireman had to jump, but the interval was too short for the men below to get all exactly right. They did catch him, however, very neatly, nor did he touch the ground, through the net, but he bounced out of it, and then falling broke his arm; but better his arm than his neck. It might be thought that canvas would be better to jump into than rope netting, but experience shows that it is not. The suddenness of the shock rends it; it does not keep the normal condition of strength. As at a fire everything becomes wet, canvas stretches, and is likely to mildew when stored.



A WORKING TEAM.



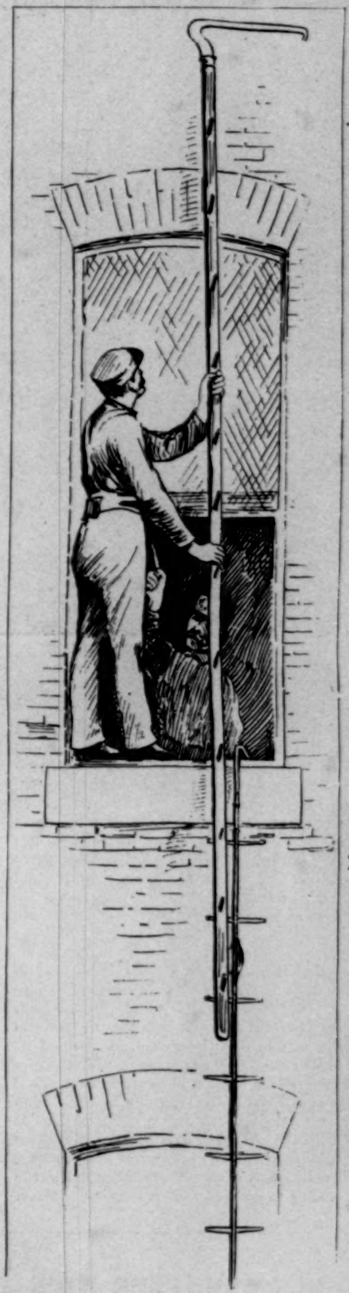
SINGLE MAN AT WORK.



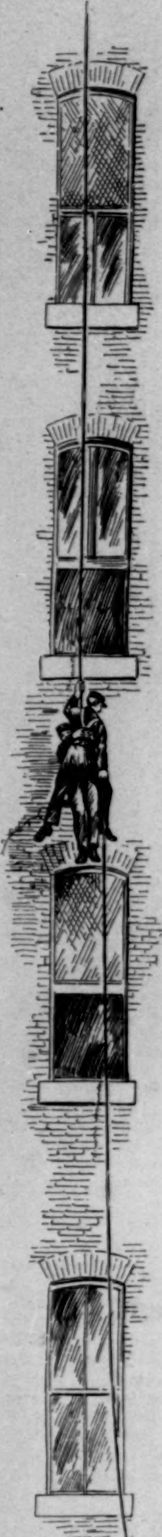
FIREMAN MOVING FROM A WINDOW ON THE RIGHT TO ONE ON THE LEFT.

A fly can climb anywhere, and so must an expert member of the life-saving service. Providing there are windows, cornices, ledges on the side of a house, up the man will go. A dead wall will not balk him. We all know how the sailors got on top of Cleopatra's Needle by means of the kite and the packthread. In particular cases a fire-arm is used which is the invention of Mr. HUGH BONNER, the most efficient assistant-chief of the New York Fire Department. The projectile is a closely fitting metallic cap, which stoppers the muzzle of the piece. It is like the cork of a bottle, only fitting outside of the neck of the bottle, not inside. To this a cord is attached, which is quite clear of the piece. A very small cartridge acts as the propelling force, and directly the projectile shoots in the air with the cord, the line falls on the top of the house. If there is a fireman up there, he lays hold of the cord and hauls away, for it is joined to a rope. He and others may have been cut off from all help on that roof, and this line will save his and their lives. He secures the line to a chimney or anything, and lowers himself down.

Our illustration shows two men coming down a rope. They are trained men. One man clasps the other around the waist. It takes a good deal of reliance to do a thing of this kind ninety-five feet from the ground. The way the man comes down the rope is thus managed: Around the waist of every one is a belt, and without it a member of the life-saving corps is not equipped. In this belt, made of the best and strongest materials, sewed and riveted, there is an iron hook. A double hitch is made through the hook, and the man is then an animated pulley. He can stop in his downward descent where he pleases, so as to get clear of obstructions. It looks ugly enough at any time when the thing is performed for the benefit of admiring visitors, but as it has been done when timbers were falling, with avalanches of bricks and stones, amid fire and flame, it is then awe-inspiring. More than once, through good luck alone, the men have fallen but a short distance from the ground, because the strands of the rope had been gnawed through by the hungry flames. Climbing by means of scaling-ladders is a remarkable performance. The approach to a building, in certain parts, may be impossible for the great ladders—you can't get over intervening walls. You must use short ladders, not one but many of them. These ladders vary in length from fifteen to twenty feet, the general height of stories in an ordinary building. The ladders are made of a straight piece of hickory, with transverse rungs. On top, on one side only, is a piece of wrought-iron, which is set at right angles. The ladder will hang on by this piece of iron to anything which juts out from the side of a building. Ascents have been made where the vantage spots on the side of a building have been of only two inches. The lower edge of the iron is dentilated, so that the hold is more secure; but still the wonder is how any security comes from it when applied to a window-sill, which sill may be rotten



RAISING THE SCALING-LADDERS.



DESCENT BY THE ROPE.